

PDC

**A DOCTOR'S
EXCLUSIVE
REPORT—**

Which Wives will be Unfaithful?

MAN'S CONQUEST

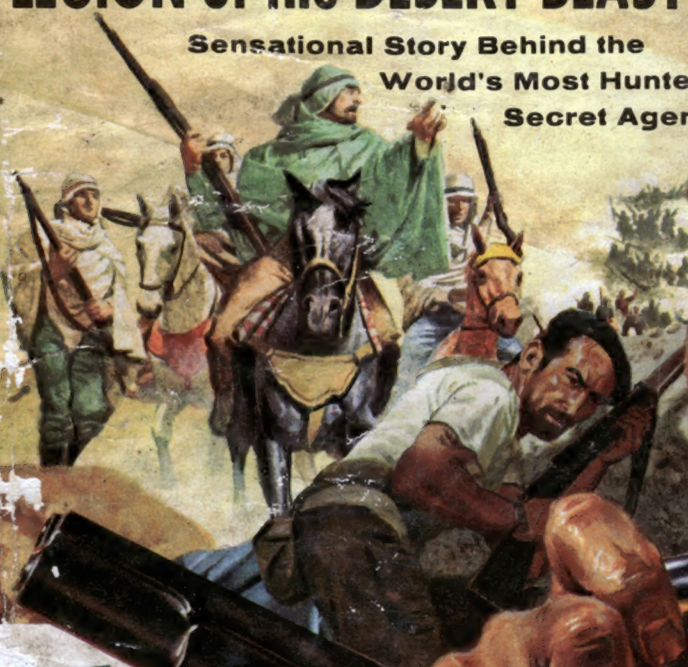
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OK - 1981

**MARINE SGT. CALLAWAY'S
JAP-EATING
JAVA GIRL
BRIGADE!**

LEGION of the DESERT BEAST

**Sensational Story Behind the
World's Most Hunted
Secret Agent**



**DOUBLE
LENGTH
BONUS**

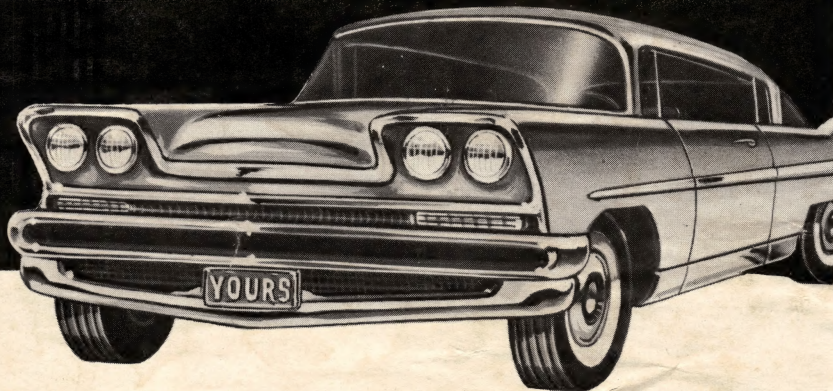
**"YOU FIGHT
YOUR WAR—
I'LL FIGHT
MINE!"**

**Savage, Shoot-to-Kill
Saga of Ireland's
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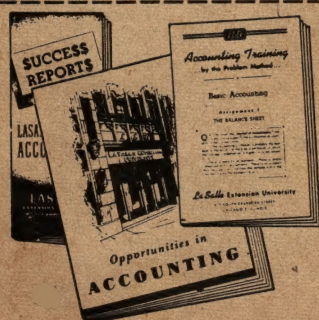
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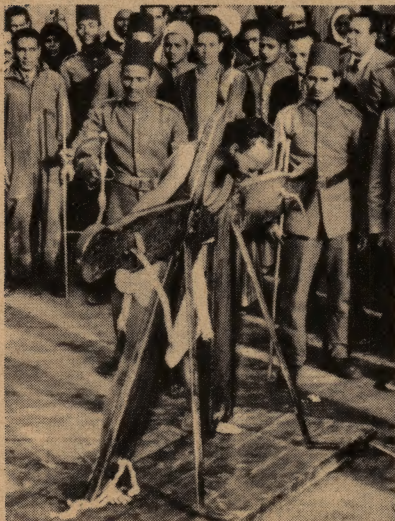
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MAN'S CONQUEST



COVER STORY: Today, somewhere in the dark filthy alleys of either Cairo, Baghdad, or Damascus, a man is stalking the bloodiest butcher since Adolf Hitler—Haj Amin al Hussani, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. No one knows the nationality of this hired killer, but in his pocket is a death warrant that's been signed by virtually every counter-intelligence chief in Western Europe and the Middle East. Why has the Grand Mufti been marked for murder? For vengeance, yes. And because he has the power to start WW III—and must be stopped at all costs. On page 42, you'll find the sensational story of the hunt for **THE BEAST THE WHOLE WORLD WANTS TO KILL**.—Editor

FEBRUARY, 1960

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MAN'S CONQUEST

Letters to the Editor

HELL SHIP



"Got a real charge out of **LAST CRUISE OF THE FLOATING COFFIN** (MC—January 1960). Brought back a flood of memories. I was aboard the *HMS Ivanhoe* which took on the Nazi tanker *Baldur* in Josing Fiord. Missed the big show when our guys on the *HMS Cossack* went over the side and boarded the prison ship *Altmark*. We watched the bloody hand-to-hand fighting through our binoculars and when we saw the prisoners bust out from the holds we knew we were right in going in after them. What burned me up at the time was all the yakking about Norwegian 'territorial waters.' Our guys were rotting in that hell-ship and all everyone was worried about was Norway's 'neutrality.' What a crock. Almost two months to the day we raced in and jumped Kapitan Eck's ship, the Nazis invaded and overran Norway."

B.J.
Oshawa, Ontario, Can.

"Just one small correction in an otherwise great story. Captain P. L. Vian of the destroyer *Cossack* was nowhere near the South American coast when British warships got into a running gun duel with the pocket-battleship *Graf Spee*. The British cruisers *Exeter*, *Ajax*, and *Achilles* were in on that kill—and a great one it was. But that takes nothing away from Vian's smashing victory in Josing Fiord. Thanks for a swell yarn."

V. L.
Orangeburg, S.C.

"What ever happened to Commander Trayson after he was rescued? Did he sit

out the rest of the war or did he go back to sea?"

G.K.
Devils Lake, N.D.

After spending three months in a hospital in Scotland, Commander Raymond Trayson was restored to active duty and given a new command—a destroyer. He served the rest of the war in the Atlantic on convoy duty and was credited with sinking three U-boats.—THE EDITOR

DIVE DEADLY

"Barney Maslin is the first guy I know of who swallowed that tall-tale about Dr. Ulrich Sassoon's pearl beds (**DIVE DEEP—DIVE DEADLY**, January MC). I've knocked around the South Seas for years and I don't think there's a rummy between Oahu and Singapore who doesn't trade that yarn for a shot of whiskey. But I'm really flabbergasted; I always pegged that whole thing as something from out of the bottom of a bottle—until Maslin proved it by coming up with a 'fist-size' pearl. My hat's off to Barney."

S. T.
Oceanside, Calif.

"Are you sure Barney Maslin isn't pulling your leg on that pearl story? I've checked my map of Oceania and I can't find any island by the name of Dog Atoll. I think he's talking off the top of his head!"

R. W.
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Think again, R.W. Maybe your map is a little on the old side but we find Dog Island just where Barney said it is. The island is in the Tuamotu (or Low) Archipelago about 700 miles northeast of Papeete. Another name for the island is Puka Puka. Perhaps that's the handle you'll find on your map.

—THE EDITOR

TEEN-AGE SEX

"Just finished reading your article **FORBIDDEN GAMES—THOSE BLUE DENIM LOVE CLUBS** (January), and wondered why author Gordon Dean is clucking his tongue like an old mother hen. Nobody seems to be shocked when the newspapers carry reports of 'adult' sex clubs and wife-swapping orgies; parents only smirk behind their hands or talk about them when we're not around. But we know what the

score is. The only trouble is our parents use two standards—what's a good time for them is a horrible experience for us. Well, you know where you can shove that routine!"

B.H.
Philadelphia, Pa.

"If I may say so, your article on teenage sex barely scratched the surface. I'm with the Juvenile Bureau in . . . a small Eastern city (Ed. Note: Initials, City and State withheld by request), and the problem we're bucking here is trying to get the parents to co-operate with us when we do crack one of these 'sin' clubs. In our case, the fathers and mothers just don't believe us when we blow the whistle. Just to give you an example: Last spring, after getting an anonymous telephone tip, we raided one of the most fashionable country clubs in the state and found half the town's youngsters frolicking in the swimming pool around midnight—in the buff. As the brains behind this orgy explained it (he was all of 17), this was their way of celebrating the end of school. Know what the town fathers did when we dragged the mess into night court? They squashed the whole affair. The fathers of some of the boys were too powerful politically and, as one dad popped off: 'Kids will be kids.' Well, I'm a father, too, and one of these days we're all going to be sorry unless we wake up damn soon."

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"Delightful Della, January's Girl-of-the-Month, is one of the most refreshing and exciting models I've had the pleasure of looking at in a long, long time. Those shots of her in the pool were best."

A.A.
Waco, Tex.



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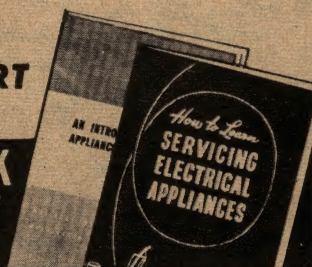
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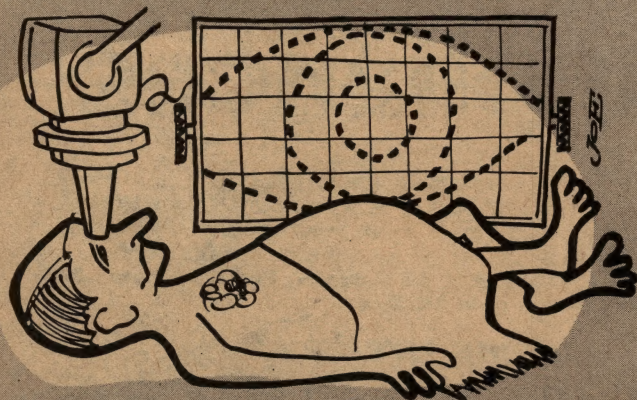
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THE HUMAN EYE...According to the U.S. Department of Health, Education & Welfare, there are 24 million Americans, not counting those in institutions or military personnel, who have some sort of PHYSICAL IMPAIRMENT SUCH AS CHRONIC OR PERMANENT PARALYSIS, DEFORMITY, AND TOTAL OR PARTIAL LOSS OF HEARING AND VISION...

Space

A University of Maryland physicist says that IT COULD BE POSSIBLE TO PUT SPACE VOYAGERS INTO A STATE OF HIBERNATION FOR AS LONG AS A YEAR, by means of remote controlled hypnosis,

and thus arrest the aging process of astronauts as they travel the hundreds of light-years required to get to the nearest star....Closer to home, just off the drawing board is a PREFABRICATED MOON HOUSE two city blocks long and 160 feet wide. No foundation, because the structure is designed to rest on sea of dust that covers moon. Heavy weights inside will keep it from drifting....Astronautics, the science of traveling in space throughout our solar system, is being replaced by a new word--Cosmonautics--the SCIENCE OF TRAVELING BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM, which, by means of radically new forms of propulsion, experts say may be only a few decades off....

Money Matters



When you're mad at a bill collector or MAYBE YOU DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF PAYING A TRAFFIC TICKET, check that impulse to pull the old gag of paying off in pennies. Most states have legal limits (about \$1 or \$2)....ALTHOUGH AN ARTICLE YOU BUY MAY NOT CARRY A WRITTEN GUARANTEE, if it is defective or breaks down before it should, don't just take the loss lying down. As far as many courts are concerned, any article offered for sale carries with it what is known as "the implied warranty" that it will give reasonable service....The VALUE OF OLD COINS has risen steadily and astoundingly. A complete set of Lincoln head pennies is going for \$214.45 as against \$11.50 three years ago....Chances are you or the little woman has been nib-

(Continued on page 58)

**THE WORLD OF
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SPOILSPORTS!

PROFESSIONAL handicappers are all up in arms over the wide-spread use of Remington Rand's UNIVAC, the giant electronic brain, to dope out horse races. Despite a few initial setbacks, to date UNIVAC's score for picking winners is better than 50-50, which beats the pros' average by a good 25 points. The problem, as the old-timers see it, is that if a couple of unscrupulous operators get the inside track, it can spell the end of the sport of kings all over the world. Despite pari-mutuel odds systems, no racetrack could keep from going broke bucking the combination of unconscionable dopesters aided and abetted by modern science.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

THESE two clowns in Freeport, Ill., are breezing along a gravel road, when their car skids and plunges down a 20-foot embankment. Unhurt, they hoof it to town, borrow another jalopy, return to the accident scene, and as they're peering at the wrecked auto—damned if the borrowed one doesn't skid and send them sailing over the side, where they come to rest right alongside the first heap. Sure, they crawled out unscathed, but talk about gluttons for punishment!

LEGAL DINNER

DOWN under, in Port Moresby, New Guinea, a fat, juicy constable wandered off into the jungle and ended up in the stew pot of a tribe of cannibals. The chief inspector reviewed the incident this way: "This is the only case of cannibalism we've had in almost three years. And, if memory serves me correctly, it's the first time they've ever eaten an officer of the law."

CAMERA NUT

IT happened in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, where this wife of an RAF pilot

dragged friend hubby into court and demanded a divorce—and all because, in the spirit of share the wealth, he had shown his buddies some rather revealing nude photos he had taken of her when they were bathing in the buff in the Bay of Bengal.

PEN-MANSHIP

SOME guys just never learn. As a case in point, *The Ohio Penitentiary News*, a prison newspaper, reports that the warden has scrambled down from the ceiling and is beginning a full investigation. Seems some cons have been writing rubber checks on their prison bank accounts. This, the paper warns, is definitely a violation of prison rules. And well it should be, we say.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

NOW, here's one that carries a two-city dateline. It starts in Baltimore, Md., where this lush was coming out of a parking lot and steered his car up a ramp. When he got to the top, there was a new car in front of him blocking traffic, so he waited for a while, and then fell asleep. When he awakened the following a.m., Baltimore was long gone and he was somewhere on the outskirts of Jersey City, N.J., whipping along merrily as you please, on the back of an automobile transport truck.

BABES AND BOOZE

A mental health director in Philadelphia, Pa., has come up with a bit of intelligence which we've suspected was the truth for some time now, but only recently have we this expert's say-so on the matter. The good doctor, it says here, claims that most of us long-suffering males have been lapping it up and turning into a bunch of rummies because women—Mom, Sis, Wifey, etc.—are getting too damned aggressive. He suggests we

assert our rightful places as masters of the hearth and home—or, as Noel Coward used to say, "Like gongs, women should be struck every hour on the hour"—or we'll all end up in the arms of ol' John Barleycorn.

MARRIAGE OATHS

THIS Miami, Fla., housewife got caught in the act of hiring a guy, who later turned out to be a detective, to do in her ever-lovin' spouse for \$1,000. When she came to trial, who was standing at her side pleading her case? Who else, but hubby? He said she was just a "little mixed-up," and if the court would spring her, the pair was going back to set up housekeeping again. "You're not uneasy sleeping out there in the same house with her?" the judge asked. "Not a bit," came the reply. And the judge ups and releases her. Which, in its way, is about as heartwarming an example of human understanding as we've ever seen. But now get the picture! He comes down to breakfast and she asks him, "How will you have your eggs darling? With or without?" And he asks sheepishly, "With or without what, lambie pie?" And she answers cooingly, "Arsenic, you chowder-head!"

CLIP ARTIST

THE only barber in Irving, Tex., who made any money during a recent price war, when haircuts went down from \$1 to 15 cents, was the enterprising opportunist whose shingle read: "We repair cheap haircuts—\$1.50."

SQUATTERS' RIGHTS!

DETROIT cops had their pistol range put out of action when a mother rabbit and her brood nested on top of a target mount. The lawmen called off practice for two weeks until Mom and the kiddies moved out. Just a lousy bunch of softies! That's all we can say.



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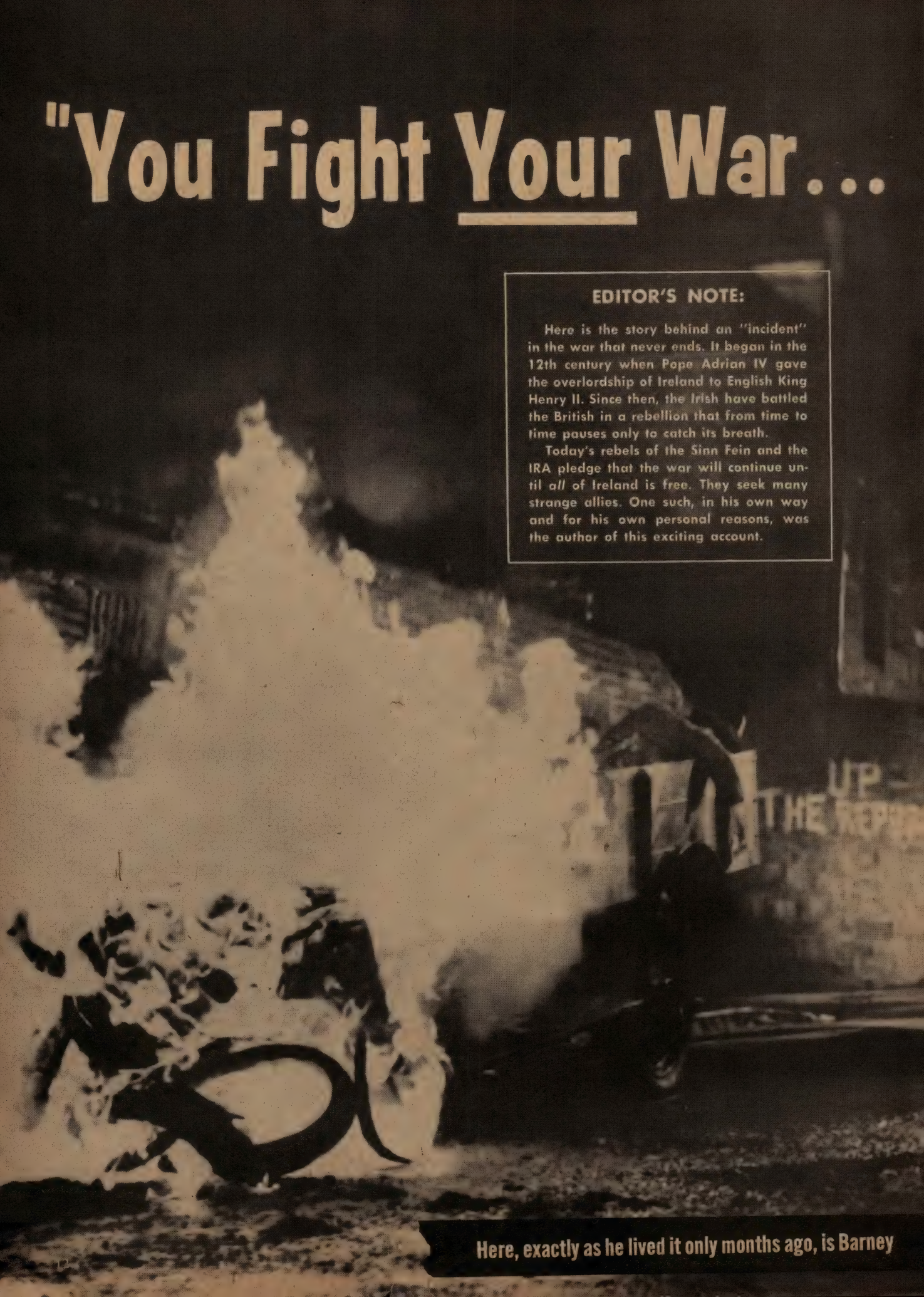
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"You Fight Your War..."



EDITOR'S NOTE:

Here is the story behind an "incident" in the war that never ends. It began in the 12th century when Pope Adrian IV gave the overlordship of Ireland to English King Henry II. Since then, the Irish have battled the British in a rebellion that from time to time pauses only to catch its breath.

Today's rebels of the Sinn Fein and the IRA pledge that the war will continue until all of Ireland is free. They seek many strange allies. One such, in his own way and for his own personal reasons, was the author of this exciting account.

Here, exactly as he lived it only months ago, is Barney

I'LL FIGHT MINE!"

by BARNEY MASLIN

DOUBLE LENGTH BONUS

■ ON November 3, 1958, a telegram caught me at the airport in Algiers as I was about to hop the plane for Capetown. The wire

read: PROCEED DUBLIN IMMEDIATE STOP CONFIRM STOP WILLY.

So I had my tickets changed for London, and then Dublin, as Willy instructed me, and I sent him a telegram confirming the change. William Portnoy is my silent partner in this international junk-dealing business. He is a very brainy little guy, and he handles the New York end—the mental work—while I go out and scrounge for scrap metal wherever I can find it, on old battlefields, ship wrecks, in bombed buildings and so forth. There is a big demand for scrap metal in those countries that don't have iron and coal mines, like Ireland. . . .

Willy met me at London airport, and we flew together to Dublin, discussing the coming deal. Nothing unusual, just a bid for scrap, from an Irish metals man in Dublin. Didn't sound like enough to make my silent partner fly all the way from New York.

"So, what're you doing here?" I asked him, since he had never before horned in on the active end of the business.

"I always wanted to see the Old Sod," he said, looking out the window at the Irish Sea and the upcoming coast of the Emerald Isle. My silent partner was so silent he was damn near speechless. So I took his chin in my hand and turned his face to me. "Just what is the nature of the skulduggery you have in mind, son?" I insisted.

"Don't strongarm me, you big gorilla!" he growled. He was maybe a little angry, because I'll swear he looked twice his size, which is about half my bulk. I top the balance at a well fed two-eighty, and I look down on the world from an altitude of six feet and a few inches, which gives me an unfair advantage that I seldom hesitate to use. But Willy knows I'm sensitive about my size, and I don't like being called a *big* gorilla—just *plain* gorilla is enough, you can skip that *big* part. But Willy looked at me with a poisonous eye—still refusing to tell me what was *really* up.

Willy had made a late afternoon appointment for us with our Dublin contact, a Mr.

MORE

Maslin's inside story of the savage war that has bloodied two great nations for more than 800 years.

DOUBLE LENGTH BONUS

**"YOU FIGHT YOUR WAR—
I'LL FIGHT MINE!"**

Seamus O'Herlihy, whose office is situated on Harcourt Street near Gerry O'Colmain's smithy, a famous landmark. O'Herlihy and two other men were waiting for us in a dark oak-paneled office with heavy leather overstuffed furniture. On a much-scarred old conference table, a green bottle of John Jameson with glasses was prepared for our pleasure.

O'Herlihy introduced us to Mr. Liam Ballynroy and Mr. Padraic O'Tuomy. All three men were in their sixties, with grizzled hair, and the map of Ireland written all over their faces. O'Herlihy was the senior member of the firm. After a round of Gaelic toasts, Mr. Seamus O'Herlihy spoke of business:

"Now, gintlemin," he said in a brogue you could cut with a General Sherman tank, "we are prepared to buy all the scrap steel and iron and copper and whatever else ye've got to sell, at the right price and as soon as ye can deliver." He paused and sipped his whisky, and I thought, so what's the big deal? Willy could job this one out without flying all the way over here from New York or calling

me in from Algiers. I'd had a good line on some scrap in Capetown when he'd cabled me in Africa. But O'Herlihy wasn't through. He cleared his throat and went on: "Now, Mr. Portnoy, I believe our agent in New York explained the rest of our proposition, did he not? . . ."

"Yes, he did," Willy replied, and I wondered, The rest of *what* proposition? I looked at Willy, but he was not looking at me. He added, "However, I wish you would go over it for my partner, Mr. Maslin here, as I'm sure he will have some questions to ask."

He was sure! Brother! I remembered one time this silent partner of mine set up a "scrap metal" deal for me to complete and I damn near drew a long vacation in the Hungarian bastille as a result. The "scrap metal" in question was supposed to be lead. It looked like lead, all right, but when you scratched off the gray paint the yellow gold shone through so bright it damn near blinded the customs men at the Hungarian frontier. I didn't manage to complete this little "scrap metal" deal, in fact it took all the money I could bundle together in bribes to make them turn me loose. So you might say I did have a few questions to ask Mr. Seamus O'Herlihy. But first I let him talk.

"We don't care what make, or makes, of guns ye deliver, Mr. Maslin," said Mr. O'Herlihy, "so long as ye're also able to deliver the proper ammunition for them . . ."

"It don't matter to you, huh?" I repeated, trying not to look surprised.

"No sir, not at all, as I'm sure ye'll understand—Winchesters, Springfields, Remingtons, anything at all," the man said. "The IRA is very easy to please in these matters . . ."

Of that I had no doubt.

His two business partners laughed at the joke, but I didn't. I looked at Willy, he was smiling like he ate something didn't agree with him. I grabbed the bottle of poteen and took a long pull. I had half a mind to blow the job and let Willy run guns by himself. After all, he *said* he wanted a vacation . . .

It is strictly illegal for unlicensed persons to export arms from the Winchester, Springfield, Remington, or any other U.S. arsenal, to a foreign country, especially for military purposes—and the Irish Republican Army means military purposes. I could get a lot of free board and room at Leavenworth for delivering U.S. arms to the IRA.

"You ask me to put my life on the block for your Irish rebels?" I snapped. "Tell me something, O'Herlihy. What's my life worth?"

O'Herlihy and his two confederates began to jabber all at once, but Willy leaned close to my ear and whispered, "Dov Ben Rubin! The Sinai arms deal!"

Sure, I thought, why not? I remembered my friend Dov Ben Rubin down in Tel Aviv. Dov could help, if he would . . .

"Gentlemen!" I said, and they stopped their clapper-clawing. "Maybe we *can* help you, after all." They all three reached for the bottle to refill my glass, but I helped myself. "Last month," I went on, watching the hope grow behind those beetling Celtic brows, "a very sizeable arms cache was captured by the Israeli army, down in Egypt's Sinai Peninsula. Now, I believe a friend of mine in Tel Aviv . . ."

"No, sir!" O'Herlihy objected, raising his hand to stop me. "Absolutely not!" He and his two associates looked like they'd just buried their best friend.

"Guns are guns, you said," I reminded them.

"Yes, but those are *Soviet* guns, Mr. Maslin, even if ye do git them from an Israeli source," O'Herlihy said. "Suppose one of our IRA boys was found with a Soviet weapon on his person."

(Continued on page 52)



Wearing odd assortments of uniforms salvaged from WW II, IRA raiders like these made up main element of Maslin's force.



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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by
JOE CHAMBERLAIN





MARINE SGT. CALLAWAY and his JAP-EATING

Java Girl Brigade

Callaway knew how to con a dame. So it was a snap for him to set up a guerrilla army of 75 girls. But he floored the top brass when he led them against the 125th Imperial Division — and butchered more than 5,000 Japs.

■ ON the steaming morning of November 2, 1943, a runner emerged from the thick Sumatran jungle into the well-concealed camp that Clayton Callaway, USMC and his resolute guerrillas had hacked out of the tangled jungle area at Taluk. A little more than 50 miles from the former Dutch Naval Base at Padang, the leatherneck survivor of the *USS Marblehead* had rightly decided it was safer away from the coast. Japanese patrols had spent nearly a year pinpointing the resistance group's first camp, but after that, they had changed sites frequently to "confuse" the enemy. Confusion was a way of life to the tall, good looking American guerrilla.

"Tuan!" the Indonesian runner gasped. "Much news, tuan—"

MORE

MARINE SGT. CALLAWAY

and his JAP-EATING

Java Girl Brigade

"It's Kulapuly," the redheaded marine grinned, climbing out of his hammock. "Who's attacking us *this* week?"

Mechanic, handy man, and one of the thousand-odd spies who voluntarily risked their lives to bring information to Callaway's band, the runner, Kulapuly, collapsed on the grass and rolled his eyes eloquently.

"Kulapuly! What's up?"

The little Indonesian slowly found his breath but not his voice. Looking around the camp, the spectacle of 75 lovely coffee-skinned maidens nude as they did their laundry temporarily paralyzed the mechanic's vocal cords. Some of the girls were hanging their sarongs on spliced boughs to dry, others were sitting on the steps of the thatched *bilibongs* combing their long black hair. Still others sat in front of cook stoves preparing the communal breakfast.

Kulapuly looked at the marine and winked appreciatively. Callaway could guess what was coming. The native population of the island was 27,500, less a thousand Dutch and Europeans. All the pretty girls had been seized by the Nipponese. The old and the ugly ones stayed in the cities. Young girls, 14 to 25, who valued their bodies as well as pride, checked out to the hills where the Japs were afraid to roam.

The leatherneck said with mock severity, "If buying one of my gals is what you've got on your mind, beat it, Kulapuly. You ain't got money enough—"

"Not *buy*, *tuan*," the little man sighed. "Borrow maybe?"

"That's up to them."

The Indonesian's eyes glittered. Then he looked at Callaway. "What's to eat Mah-ring?"

"Don't know. Just got up."

"Big party time last night, Clay?" the little man said slyly.

"I guess so," the leatherneck stretched. He gazed at the sky, then at the betuan grove. Nuara was just walking out of the cool spring where all the girls bathed. Her blue sarong clung to her body, accenting every fulsome contour. Callaway raised his foot and tapped Kulapuly's bony chin with his big toe. "Eyes off my woman, buddy boy. There's seventy-four other gals here for that."

"*Tuan*," the Indonesian suddenly bolted upright. "Holy smoke!"



Callaway crouched beside the visitor. "You finally remembered what you came to tell me, huh?"

"Yes! Kamuntai was here last week?"

"Yeah, he was here. He told me about a convoy off Ketapang. Didn't you guys pass the word to the Aussie-man for radio?"

The messenger's face contorted in a grimace of agony that was, according to custom, a petition for food.

"Nuara! Bring Kulapuly some grub. Our friend won't tell me a damn thing on an empty stomach!"

"Hey, Mah-ring, you got a cig?"

"Yeah," Callaway grunted disgustedly. He burrowed in the hammock. "You got anything to tell me, Kulapuly?"

"Ten ships in convoy off Ketapang. Torpedo get three. Seven bring oil to Padang. Nipponese make big cleanup near base, you know? They got eight tanks—"

"Storage tanks?"

The mechanic nodded. "Yes. Eight big sumbitching wow, Clay!"

"Where?" Callaway's eyes suddenly flashed with interest. "In the Naval Depot?"

Nuara squatted down, placing a bowl of freshly boiled rice and sweet pig between them. She hadn't taken off her wet sarong and now, close up, her lush figure was even more alluring. In the mode of the island people, she bowed low. Kulapuly rolled his eyes and bowed back.

"Breakfast, Clayton dearest," she said.

There weren't 10 people in the world who called Callaway Clayton, but coming from Nuara he actually liked the sound of his name. Coming from *any* of the girls he liked it. It had a strange ring that never failed to amaze him.

"Honey," the marine said, "ask this goof in your own lingo just where the Nips got their oil stored. He won't tell me anything!"

Rapidly, and with gestures, Kulapuly enthused the great potential of a raid to end all raids, so far as he was concerned. He explained to Callaway's Number One wife that the Japs had cleared a tremendous area two miles west of the deep-water anchorage. Overnight they were setting up huge oil storage tanks, eight in all, enough fuel capacity to top off the Third Fleet including battleships and carriers. The Indonesian runner explained about miles of shiny new pipeline brought in by transports, and when he was through he dug in for breakfast. The news, in itself, was food for Callaway.



Photo of Clay Callaway was taken by Javanese aide while sergeant was leading girl guerrillas deep into the Sumatran jungles. When the Dutch returned, they decorated the Marine for his incredible three year war behind Jap lines.

"Padang is a springboard for bigger things, eh?" the marine mumbled reflectively. "Any talk around town where the Third Fleet's operating now?"

The runner nodded no as he crammed the steaming rice-pork dish into his mouth. There really wasn't any more he needed to know for now, Callaway decided, and he dug in himself, grinning happily at the sloe-eyed girl who sat at his side.

Kulapuly had a few articulate friends in the city where the marine had fought his last official action. These friends had been the donors of automatics, grenades, knives and the other weapons of guerrilla warfare. They'd even found a couple of shirts and dungaree pants that fit a man with a six-three frame. And it was to these substantial citizens of Sumatra that Sergeant Callaway now would really prefer to speak.

"Tell Van der Houton I'm coming into Padang first thing tomorrow," the leatherneck snapped at Kulapuly. "Tell him I wanna see those storage tanks for myself. You savvy me?"

The runner looked at the girl. Then, ripping off a burst of rapid-fire Malayan, he sat glumly on his haunches as Nuara glared at the marine.

"He thinks you crazy, Clayton dear. He thinks they see you and ten million guns explode boom at you. And I think too as Mister Kulapuly thinks—"

"Bad. Much ba-ad, Mah-ring!" the Indonesian wailed.

"Why the heck don't you two let me be the judge of that?" Callaway growled. "What makes you think they'll spot me?"

The runner giggled. "Looka how big us. Looka you how big!"

The girl looked pleadingly at the white man, but there was a stubborn quality about Callaway she'd long ago learned not to buck. She shrugged, kissed the marine and excused herself. Around the *bilibong* there was plenty for a much married woman to do. The marine and the messenger finished their talk. Kulapuly repeated Callaway's message twice, slowly. When they finished their breakfast, the gangling white man and the barely five foot Indonesian mechanic walked around the compound.

"See anything you like, Kulapuly?"

In the American language that the Asian found so utterly fascinating, one phrase above all others flashed through his head:

"Hot wow!"

The saga of Clayton Callaway had begun about a year before. On September 30, 1942, nine Allied survivors of the Japanese invasion of the Dutch East Indies hiding near Bangka Strait, Sumatra, discovered a derelict lifeboat floating keel-up in the shallows behind their native *bilibong* hut. The majority rule applying, the nine men voted "to repair, provision and sail the bloody thing to Australia, 1,200 miles away."

It was three months since they banded together, four since their last-minute escape from Padang Naval Base. On May 2, a small army of ragged Dutch planters, Indonesian longshoremen and American soldiers, sailors and marines commanded by Captain A. C. Flange, USN, fought a hopeless delaying action against enemy

paratroopers while Dutch and US subs evacuated strategic personnel.

But at Bangka Strait, the lot of the nine was vastly improved by a small band of Sumatran and Javanese girl guerrillas who, one way or another, provided the necessities of life. The ranking officer among them was Captain Henry Martin, USA, previously an air observer attached to the *USS Marblehead*. The two other Americans were Sergeant Clayton Callaway, USMC, also of the *Marblehead*, and Seaman First Class Beachy Stowe, USN, survivor of the destroyer *Ford*.

The six others were Dutch and Australian; the former, vanquished soldiers of the force that opposed the first Jap landings, the latter, seaman ratings from the torpedoed *HMS Warspite*. Captain Martin ran their show. He ran it to suit himself, and the only man who stood up to him was the marine.

"When that boat's finished, jughead," the captain announced one day, "you and me are gonna get squared away."

"Yes, sir," the marine smiled. "You say when, sir—"

The lifeboat was a British hull, a 20-foot double-end, oak planked and copper riveted. She was sound enough below the waterline, but badly needed work above deck. The guerrilla girls, some of whom spoke pidgin English, sneaked into Palembang and stole the tools the men needed.

Later, a girl named Nuara who'd worked as a waitress at Padang Airport, put on a *kimpei* armband, sneaked into the captured naval base and returned with charts to Australia. Nuara was no 17 years old, a beautiful, long-legged girl who chose to love the American marine. Captain Martin didn't like this a damn.

"What the hell's that skinny gyrene got I can't give you more of," he snarled, "and better?"

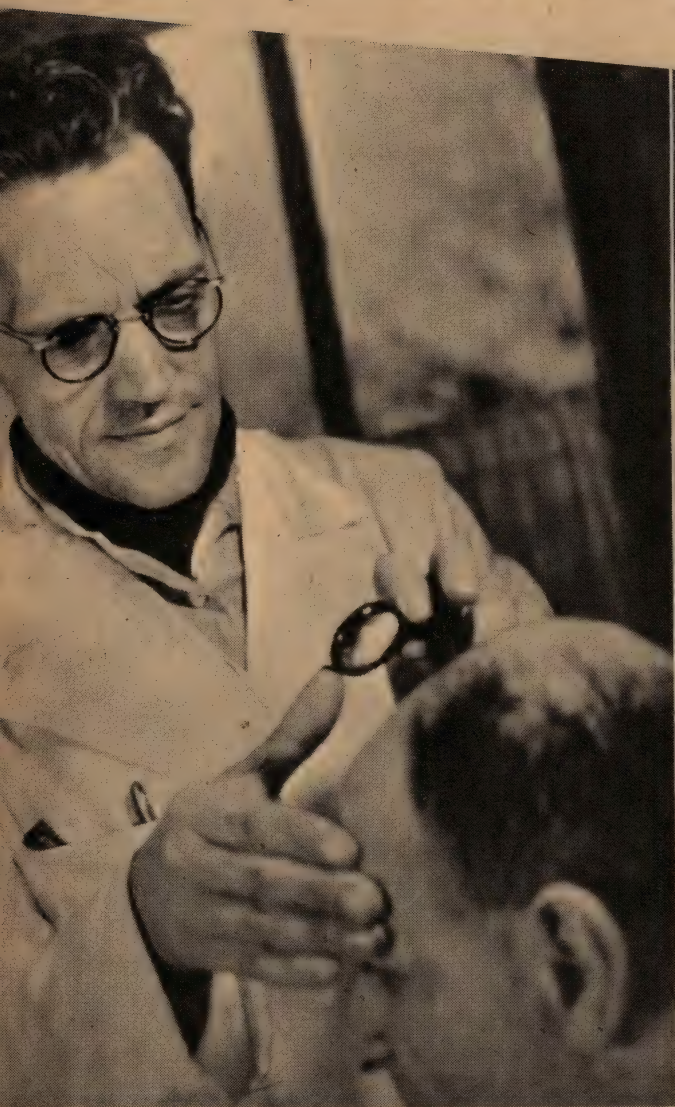
As long as he snarled and kept his hands off, Callaway just laughed at him. But when Martin ripped off the girl's sarong one dusk and dragged her into the *kunai* grass, it took the combined strength of the other seven men to keep the Americans from killing each other. On the morning of October 15th the girl guerrillas brought in a stolen mainsail and jib. The boat was provisioned. There was a last dinner topped off with some Dutch wine. Then the party was over and the girls walked down to the water.

(Continued on page 70)



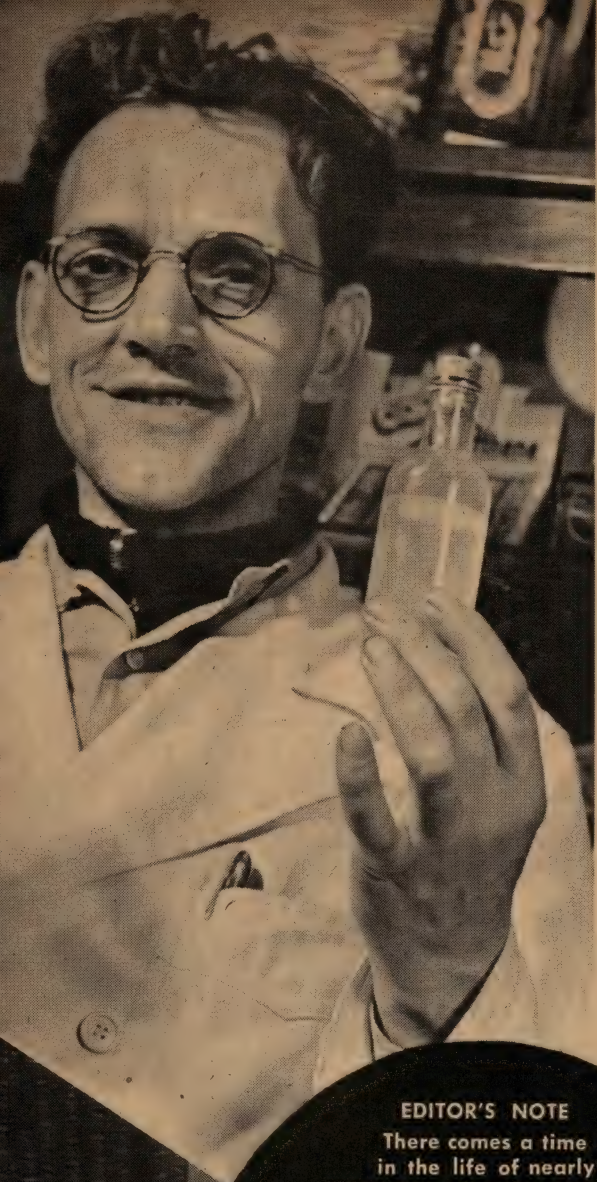
Callaway's girls paraded into the port city of Padang bearing gifts for Jap troops. This was the beginning of massive ambush that annihilated the entire garrison.

The **WHOLE** Truth About Baldness



Although there is no known cure for **male pattern alopecia**, or just plain baldness, there are some ailments of the scalp and hair which can be treated. In these photos, a hair specialist—or trichologist, as he likes to call himself—examines a patient's scalp with a powerful magnifying glass and, after determining that he is suffering merely from a common scalp infection, proceeds to treat it with special lotions and tonics.





by **WILLIAM MACFARLANE**

FRED GOREN suddenly realized that at 27 he had reached a kind of crossroads in his life. The years had crept up on him and he wasn't a kid anymore. He first noticed it that morning when he stood in front of his bathroom mirror and closely examined the hair he had just combed. There was no mistaking it—his hairline had receded almost half an inch! He rubbed his scalp and then combed his hair again. More strands of the precious stuff came off in his hands, stuck to the comb and collected in a noticeable wad at the bottom of the washbasin.

The battle was on! The method of attack was one which was being repeated many millions of times across the U.S., had been fought and lost by billions of males the world over, and would probably be fought by billions more in the centuries to come.

Fred's battle plan was far from original. It began simply and inexpensively enough with a few products advertised on television, a dandruff shampoo and later a variety of so-called hair "tonics." His barber also had some knowledgeable suggestions.

But every morning the wad of hair showed up in his washbasin. By the time Fred had spent about \$50 on assorted preparations, his hairline had receded another half-inch, and now the crown was beginning to thin, too.

Then he read a mail order ad in a newspaper. It was a convincing display, complete with "before" and "after" pictures showing once-bald clients now proudly sporting a handsome head bush, and the ad was packed with signed testimonials from men who had been saved by "a miracle cure." Fred bit on this one and a few others he ran across in the weeks that followed. An odd assortment of pastes, lotions and liquids began to clutter his medicine chest. And with each new addition that was added to the expanding collection, Fred's hopes faded a shade more.

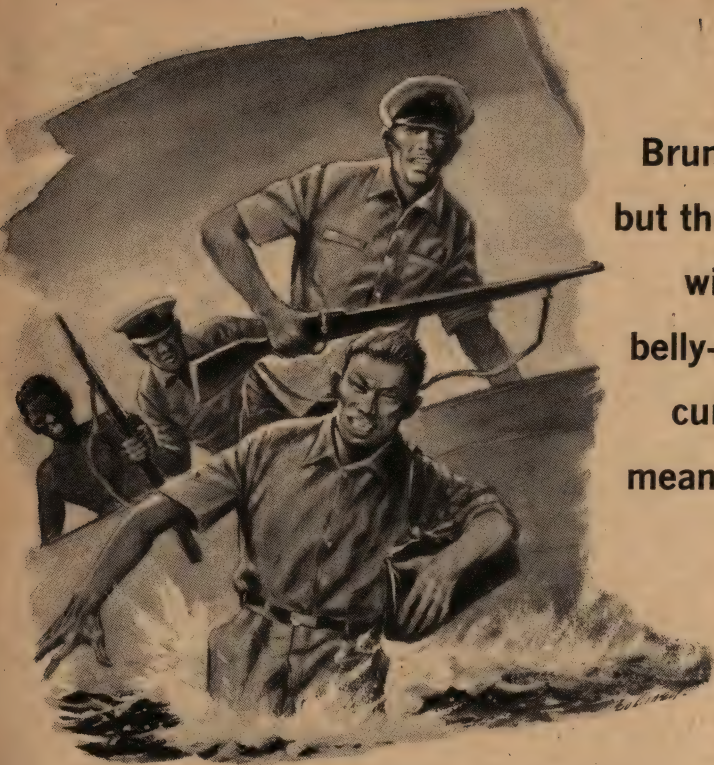
(Continued on page 82)

EDITOR'S NOTE

There comes a time in the life of nearly every man when he panics at the realization that he's not a kid, anymore—in most cases, when he first notices that he's losing his hair, maybe even getting bald. For some such men, the billion dollar a year hair and scalp care industry is a source of encouragement and hope promising, as it does, "results" and sometimes even "cures." Other men, however, have serious questions to ask before parting with their money in return for potions and lotions—questions that demand truthful answers—like these.

Balding men have a philosophy about their condition. They say: "Only one thing will stop falling hair — the floor!" Is this really true? Here are all the answers.





Bruno had bloodied an enemy beach before — but that was 15 years ago, and he'd had an army with him. Now, he was alone, black night belly-crawling through Red China's barbed-wire curtain, committed to a mission that could mean his death — or new life for the free world.

by **SAL BRUNO**

■ LYING there, inhaling the stink of the fish house and listening to the high pitched, jabbering voices coming closer up the dark road I cursed myself for being a million kinds of fool. They must have chopped Chang's boat, I moaned to myself. That's why they're on the alert. Those guys know that something must be up. Maybe I could make it back to the launch while there was still time. I raised my head to see what was happening out on the road. A squad of comrades came padding in my direction like figures in a weird dream. The lead man carried a lantern that cast a moon of light around him. He was a kid, not more than 15 at most. He wore a uniform of sloppy cotton drill, and the familiar red-starred cap was square on his shaved head. Soldier or not, he looked maybe as scared as I was. They were within yards of me now, their bayonets picking up the lantern light that floated closer to the fish house. So I said a silent prayer and thought hard about the bravest man I ever knew.

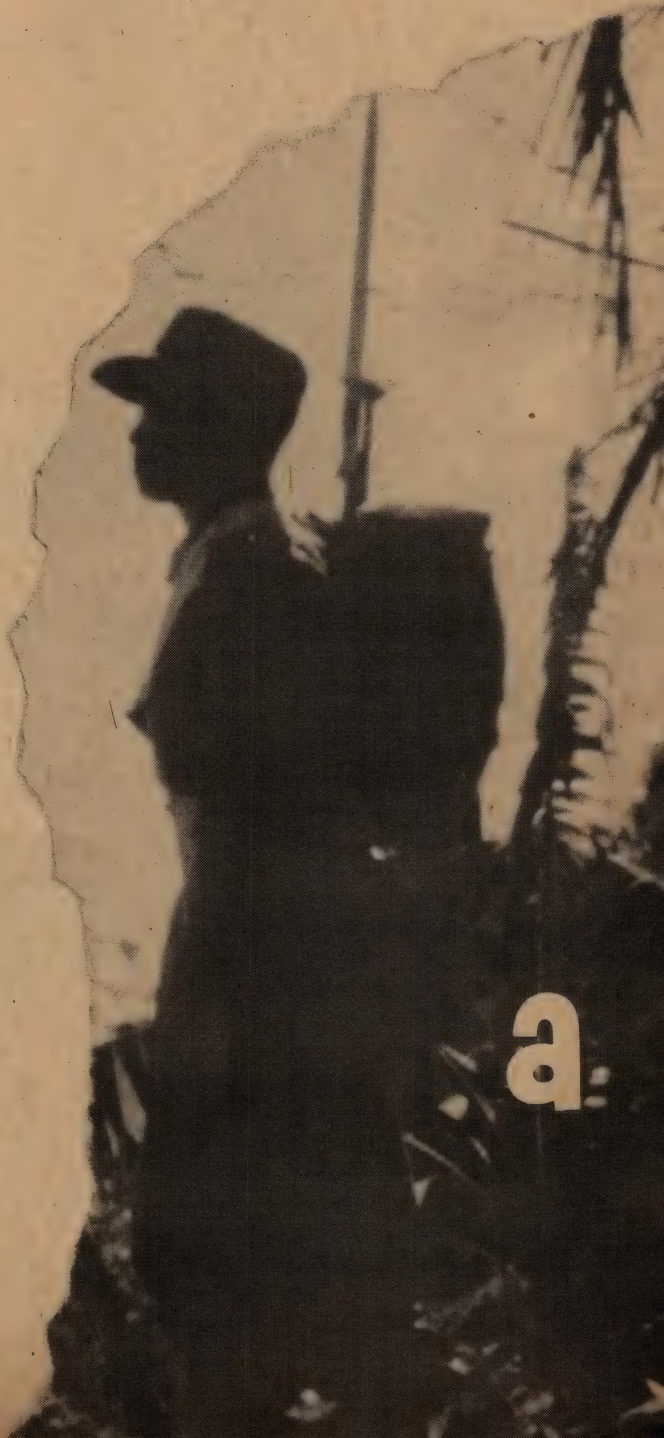
On a wild, black night in October of 1958, I waited for him on the beach at Swabue Point, 70 miles up the coast from Hong Kong. I had a Mauser by my side, and I kissed the dirt while a platoon of hungry-for-action Chinese Redskies searched up along the jetty in the dark. It was the longest night I have ever known.

He had guts, Jen Chi did. And I happen to know a little bit about guts because I saw a lot of it spilled on the sand and smeared on the splintered palms of Wilma Road back with the Seventh Infantry on Kwajalein Atoll.

It's hard to believe that Kwajalein was 15 long years ago. Going on 16. It's nearly 12 since I took off my uniform and started putting on weight. Last October on Swabue Beach I found out the hard way I couldn't run quite fast as I used to — but that's the end of the story. I guess I'd better fill you in on the beginning.

My name is Sal Bruno. I come from Brooklyn, New York. Until pretty recently, all I knew about China was that it was different, somehow, from pottery. There's nothing swash-buckling about my make-up—unless it's the fact that I'm a Dodger fan. What I'm trying to say is this: My second re-

MORE



For two quarts of Scotch, a bucket of cash and an IOU, Brooklyn-born Salvatore Bruno cooked up a deal that suddenly thrust him behind Red China's barbed-wire curtain and into a life-or-death situation that is unparalleled in the annals of "cloak-and-dagger" adventure.



BEACHHEAD for Salvatore Bruno

Bruno's "bucket," the *Nanyo Star*. With the *Star*, Sal set up his own shipping company — in troubled waters.



A BEACHHEAD FOR SALVATORE BRUNO

turn to the Philippines was no intentional return to paradise. I went back to the Pacific strictly on a matter of business. I was in the salvage line—buyer for a string of surplus stores—and I had inside track on a pile of ordnance that was for sale at Mindoro.

I should have stuck to jeeps and weapons carriers. But I couldn't resist bidding on a pile of floating Japanese iron in San Miguel Bay. So, overnight, I became a ship owner, and the officer of the port served me with an official notice which said, in effect, "*Get that tub out of the roadstead or start paying demurrage!*"

A ship owner. That's a laugh, still. Nobody in his right mind would call the *Nanyo Star* a ship. She was a beat up coastal freighter, salt caked, rust streaked, and as smelly as a hippo's bath. Her decking was rotted, and her superstructure was pitted with shell strikes. By some miscalculation of Allied naval and aerial gunnery, she was still afloat.

I scouted the beach and scrounged up a marine engineer who needed some fast dough. For two quarts of Scotch, a bucket of cash and a drunkenly scrawled IOU we cooked up a deal. The *Star* looked to be in terrible shape, but by some miracle her boilers weren't rusted through. In less than three weeks she plowed into Manila Bay under her own steam, and I found myself knocking on doors, sleeping with the phone, and filling out bills of freight and lading. I was due to leave, but I cancelled my flight Stateside. It was beginning to be fun—I was in the shipping business.

I still am. Since then—1955—I've been high-tailing it after the elusive Yankee dollar in the South China Sea trade. I just haven't got sense enough to quit. As the owner of a one-coaster cargo line, I look at it this way. I can remember when all the ships in the world sailed up the Whangpoo River to anchor before Shanghai. Today, between the shadowy hulls of rotting junks, up Nanking Road, and what was once called Avenue Foch, the sun glints on tangled lines of barbed wire. The harbors are empty. You can't do business with Red China. There's hardly a legitimate buck to be brought out of Shanghai, anymore. On a couple of occasions I've swung an off-the-

record deal involving shipments from the mainland. No one would believe me if I denied it. The *Nanyo Star* carries a fast 12-man motor launch which has nosed into a few quiet and off-beat coves along the China coast. But not too often. Such deals are risky. Besides, with the boys behind the new bamboo curtain, the payoff is in Jen Min Pao, the inflated currency of the Comrades, and it takes \$1,000 of Red paper to equal one thin quarter, U.S.A.

At such prices, I stick to the Hong Kong run. If it weren't for Hong Kong, Macao and Taiwan, Al Bruno would be back in Brooklyn.

But in October of last year I was aboard my so-called ship for a routine freight run down to Hong Kong. When I go, it saves the price of a supercargo, and I get a chance to eat Szechuan duck at the Repulse Bay Hotel. I also get the benefits of a long sea voyage, since the *Nanyo Star* is the original slow boat to China.

We don't carry passengers often, but on this trip we had three. Two were Britons—heavy machinery men who were going out to modernize a spinning mill in Shamshuipo, Kowloon. They kept to themselves and their talk was all shop, so I left them alone. The third man was a Chinese who had boarded the *Star* at Takao. He carried a black bag and a canvas overnight case.

I was standing by the rail in the fore-well, watching the shimmering, sub-tropical green of Hong Kong slide in from the West. It was getting dark and the contours of the hills were veiled in bluish mist.

The Chinese passenger walked over and leaned against the rail. I nodded. He was a small man in a grey flannel suit and a tweed topcoat. I figured him for about 30, although you never can tell about a Chinese. I knew nothing about him other than that the passenger manifest listed his name as Jen Chi-lu.

"It's my first trip in," he said. He was looking at the golden lines of light that curved with the road to the Peak, Hong Kong's residential hill. "I've never seen China, before."

He spoke English—American—without accent or hesitation. I commented on it. He laughed. "I live in New York," he said. "The same as you."

Red Chinese troops like these prowled the beach at Swabue Bay, gunning for Bruno and mysterious Dr. Jen.



It struck me a little odd that he should say that. "I'm proud to be from Brooklyn," I said, "but I didn't think it showed."

"It doesn't, Mr. Bruno," he said, his eyes still fixed on the lights of the harbor. "It's just that I know a great deal about you."

A red flag began to flutter in my brain. Jen Chi-lu wasn't making small talk. He was getting ready to tell me something, and I couldn't figure out why. He kept going without any goosing.

"I know you're a Dodger fan—still—and a bachelor, and that you served as a technical sergeant with the Seventh Infantry Division," Jen Chi-lu said. "When you mustered out, you worked for a salvage outfit in the States. You made a little money and came out to the Philippines to do more of the same. You bought surplus vehicles and ordnance. I can tell you to the penny what you paid for the *Nanyo Star*."



"BRAVEST MAN IN THE WORLD"

Dr. Jen Chi-lu (left), American-trained surgeon, was Bruno's responsibility in Red China mission to save life of Nationalist Chinese resistance leader. Born in New York, Jen had never seen China before; his voyage with Bruno was his first trip behind the Bamboo Curtain. Communist propaganda poster (right), tacked on fish-house wall at Swabue Beach where Sal Bruno and Dr. Jen fought for their lives against Red Chinese patrol, is a grim souvenir today on a wall in Bruno's Brooklyn apartment.

Whatever my hackles are, they started to rise. What was this guy's pitch? Where was all this leading to?

I said, "When I picked up the *Star* I turned in a sealed bid. I think you're talking through your hat."

He reeled off five figures that had a familiar and authentic ring. I dropped my lower jaw half-a-foot. "How the Hell did you know that?"

"I know a few other things, too," he went on. "There was a shipment marked 'double refined tung oil' from the Chinese mainland. Your agent was one Chang Young-kue. The transfer was made at sea, and Chang's cutter left the coast at Chilang Point on Honghai Bay. Of course, it wasn't tung oil. That particular shipment consisted of a quantity of penicillin."

My hands trembled on the rail. If he had said anything else in the world, I would have gulped a couple of times sure, but later maybe find some basis which he could have figured from. But that he should know about the Chang Young-kue caper actually made my blood run cold. I would have sworn that nobody had the dope on that penicillin swindle but me and old Chang himself—and Chang, who was operating as a Nationalist agent behind the bamboo curtain wasn't likely to be handing out that kind of information to anybody.

"Mr. Jen," I said, "you're evidently getting ready to make some kind of a point. Let's get to it and save ourselves a lot of idle chatter."

"All right," he said, "I'll give it to you straight. *It is a matter of the utmost importance that I spend six hours ashore at Swabue Point.*"

I looked at him as if he were nuts.

"Swabue Point is behind the barbed wire," I said. "It's on the fortified coast of Red China."

Jen shrugged. "I can't help that," he said. "My mission is in Hoifung, twenty miles into the interior. We hope to prevail upon your help in getting me in—and out."

I felt my guts tighten. By some means not visible to the naked eye, the Nationalists had picked up a line on some of my extra-curricular activities. And now they were trying to blackmail me into landing an agent on the China coast. The Red China coast. The fortified Red China coast. I didn't know just how they intended to back up their "request," but I didn't like the idea, either, of being draped over a barrel.

"The Hell with that noise, Mr. Jen," I said, "I'm under no obligation to anybody. China is a big country. There are a lot of holes in the wall. You go find one for yourself."

Jen actually looked sad. (Continued on page 75)





The top guns in Holbrook didn't savvy Perry Owens, at first—his shoulder-length hair marked him as something less than a man, and he was “too peaceable.” But, finally, when Owens' Winchester spoke up, all the storms of Hell couldn't match its fury.

NEW GUN in TOWN

■ THE citizens of Holbrook, Arizona, will long remember the hot, dusty afternoon of September 4, 1887, when Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens gunned down the four toughest badmen in Pleasant Valley—indeed in all the Tonto Basin. It was a daring feat of gunplay that still stands unsurpassed by any showdown in the history of the Old West.

But it was not alone this incredible victory of one man against four armed killers that excited the good people of Holbrook; it was the thing that Sheriff Owens did *after* the gunfight . . .

Commodore Perry Owens was a man of medium height, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed, and quiet-spoken. He was 38 years of age on that afternoon in Holbrook, but he looked 10 years younger, even with his flowing moustache and his head of long, brown hair that hung low in lazy waves below his shoulders.

He was generally misunderstood at first, and this was because of his odd appearance, his gentlemanly ways, the peaceful face, and that long, long hair. Certainly the folks in Holbrook didn't savvy him when he first rode into town. They had to learn as so many others had already learned in Apache County—and as he had taught innumerable cowboys from Galveston up to the Texas Panhandle. He had the look of a velvet glove, and it took you a while to discover the steel fist inside.

He was born in 1849 in a California mining camp; his mother was a dancehall girl named Josie Owens; his father was a miner who called himself Commodore Perry who had gone mad with gold fever and couldn't remember his right name and thought he was the great naval hero. The mad miner didn't wait around for the christening of his son, who was baptized Commodore Perry Owens, and Josie soon took passage at Sacramento on a barquentine bound for New Orleans where the boy grew to his 10th year before Josie died. Left on his own, young Commodore Perry Owens

worked the streets for the next two years, then talked his way into a job with a Texas rancher who was having a fling in New Orleans.

By 1861, when young Owens was 12 years of age, he was already riding herd with grown men on the Rutherford spread north of Dallas. The War Between the States was giving the armies of Jeff Davis and Abe Lincoln enormous appetites for meat, with the result that beef ranching in Texas was the fastest growing business west of the Mississippi, and the Rutherford layout was one of the biggest. As a native Californian, young Owens was indifferent to the merits of North or South, but as an orphan and former New Orleans street boy, he had an eye on the main chance. Seeing that the North was offering premium prices for beef, outbidding the South, which had little money, and seeing that rich ranchers like Rutherford sold to the North exclusively, Commodore Perry Owens knew what to do. If a man had some steers that he could afford to sell cheap and still make money, he would find a ready market among the buyers from the South. The only problem was getting cheap cattle to sell at a low price.

Owens was still only 13, though physically almost full grown, when he made his play. Taking four other cowboys with him—Andy Cooper, Bob and Tom Blevins, and Mose Roberts—he quit old man Rutherford and rode out on the open range rounding up mavericks, unbranded strays, and calves, which he and his crew then drove down to Nacogdoches in Southeast Texas, where Confederate President Jeff Davis had an agent ready to buy any and all cattle offered for sale, regardless of brand or pedigree.

By 1865 the war was over and Owens had saddlebags full of Confederate money. The Northern victory impoverished him again. He was 16 now, he shaved every day, he could drink Monongahela red-eye with any

(Continued on page 66)



*Mireille
Le Plat*

GOLDEN GIRL



Little more than three months ago, 20 year-old Mireille (pronounced, Meer-eye) Le Plat popped into the Paris office of Pan American Airways, flashed a troubled, hazel-eyed glance at the furiously blinking young Frenchman manning the ticket window, and demanded (in French) an honest answer to an honest question: "Do I look to you," asked Mireille, "like I can make good in America?" The ticket clerk replied without a moment's hesitation: "Oui! You look to me like you can make good, anywhere!" A toast to that Frenchman — never have so many owed so much to so few. His firm

MORE



response was just what Mireille needed: Her fingers fumbled with her purse, 500-franc notes fluttered like falling leaves to the counter, and she became the proud possessor of a ticket to the good ol' USA. One way. That Mireille found a home here is already a matter of county, state and entertainment record in Las Vegas, Nevada. More than that, she found that she could alternately sun her fabulous (5'9", 36-24-36) frame on the hot sands

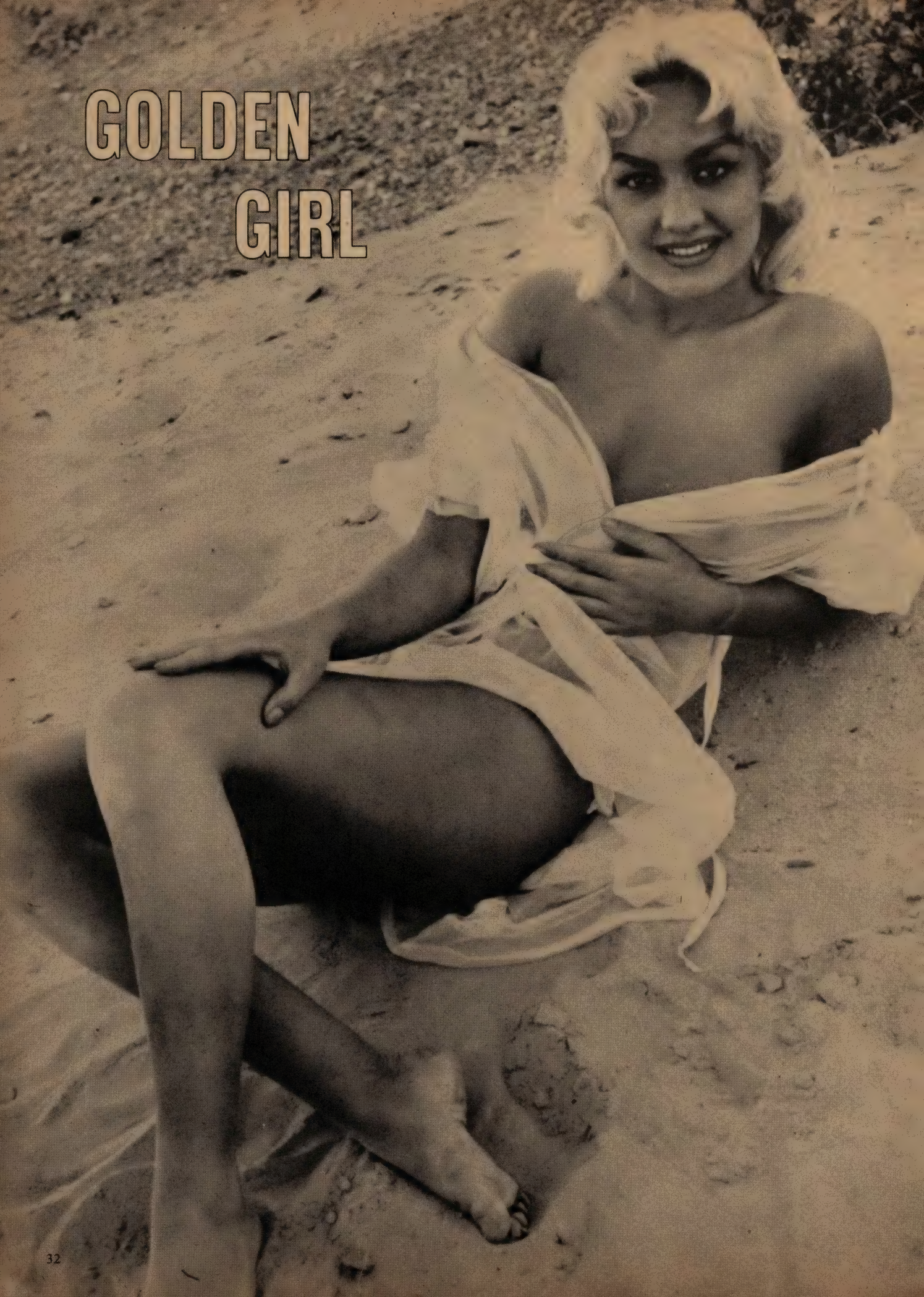
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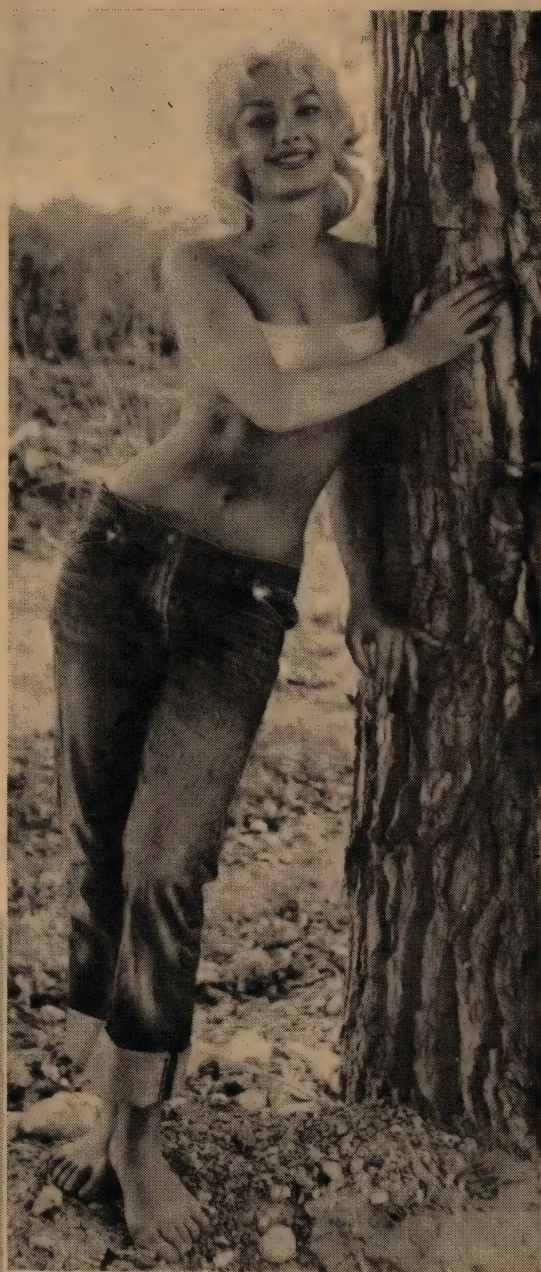
GOLDEN GIRL



GOLDEN GIRL



by day, and under the hot spot-
lights of the stage by night — and
make it pay well enough for her to rent
and furnish her very own glass-walled
(heavily curtained) cottage and put a first
payment down on a brand new sports car
— French, of course. Her English is still
not too good, but when you talk with
Mireille, you get the idea that she likes
loot only because it leaves her feeling
independent of men. “In zis way,” she sez,
“I can be more sure zat ze man I want is
ze man I want for heem, heemself, an’ not
for his money!” Oui! ●





YA!
YA!
BEAR!

The big Kodiak didn't give a damn what he ate or who he ripped wide open in the process. Howett knew this—and tried an attack that should never be duplicated.



As told to
**GENE
CHANNING**

■ LIZ Wright screamed, "*Howett! He's tearing them to pieces—Howett!*" She raced through the thickets outside the cabin.

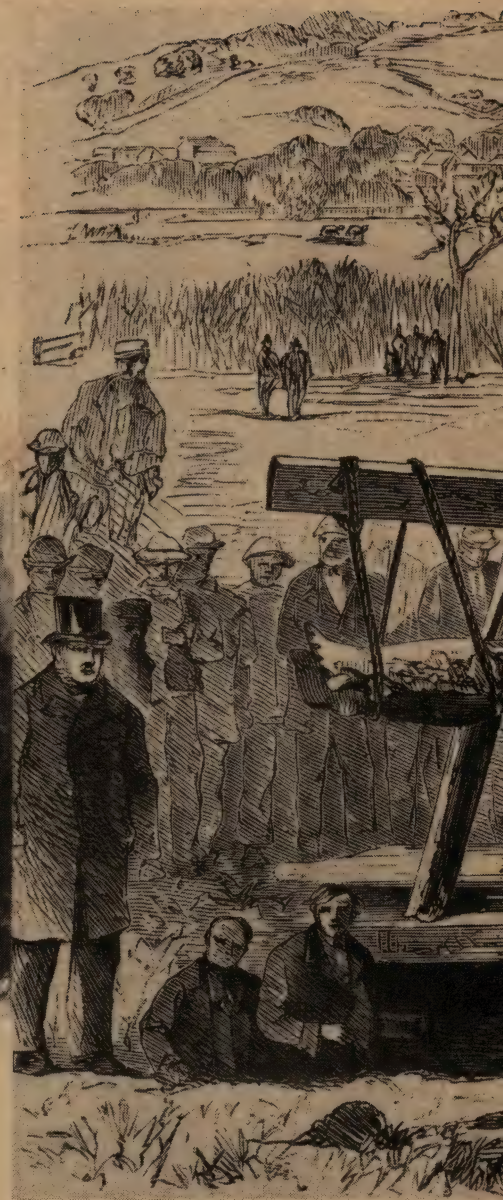
I was hunched over the makings of a perfectly elegant mulligan stew, for the first time in eight days, and I was having a ball. Making stew and squiring around VIP's in Alaska was my job. The stew canceled out the lousy part of the job.

It was raining hard outside, and every once in a while the line squall would let go a blistering thunderbolt. Liz Wright's screams were drowned out by a brace of them that suddenly broke over the cabin. I shrugged and went about my business. She had Ike and Larry, cameraman and secretary, respectively, within arm's reach—why pick on me?

Stirring the stew, tasting, basting, now adding a pinch of salt and a liberal belt of bourbon, it abruptly occurred that maybe Liz Wright really was in trouble. Torn between stew and duty, I chose Mr. Mulligan. Liz Wright's eight days had proved more trouble than a half dozen senators and congressmen that annually came up to free load and give the bear population a hard time. But regarding the great dame, my conscience didn't bother me as I tasted the stew.

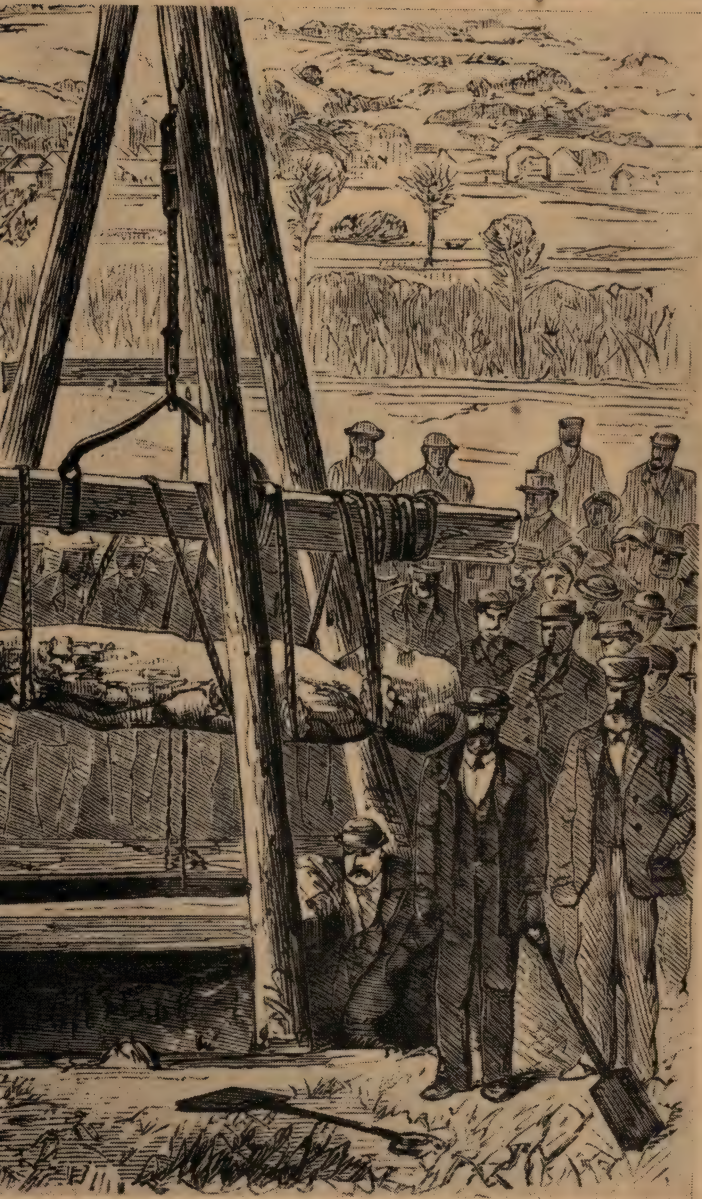
She screamed again. I tried to think of other things, but it didn't work out so good. M'lady had a piercing voice. In a way it was flattering to hear *the* Liz Wright pleading for my help. But it really moved me not. I knocked out the dead ashes in my pipe, fired up and puffed contentedly as the stew brewed its ribald aroma. Vaguely, I wondered what La Wright—syndicated columnist, novelist, lecturer, frequent guest at the Dutch Treat, Lotos and White House—would think about my cooking. That bothered me not, either.

As official guide, chief cook and bottle washer for her nibs' tour of the 49th state, it was my unhappy duty to insure the world that no harm would befall America's sweetheart. Same went for her flunkies, Ike and Larry Whosis, who swished around like a couple of temperamental hens. Liz represented 300 dailies and 83 Sunday supplements. She was big potatoes. Big enough to be quoted in 19 languages. The talented, sexy brunette (*Continued on page 64*)



the incredible petrified man

Raised from its resting place on Stub Newell's farm in New York's Onondaga Valley, giant weighed 2,990 pounds.



It lay there naked in its
fresh found grave, ten-foot body
turned to stone by the
centuries. The Cardiff Giant had
arrived, and before he was
finally put to rest, the whole
world paid respects—and wondered...

by HENRY DURLING

■ A blue October haze hung over the Onondaga Valley in upstate New York on the day of the Great Discovery: Indian summer was in full bloom, the ash and maple trees scarlet and gold on the hillsides under a summer-hot sun. On Stub Newell's farm, just outside the hamlet of Cardiff, a half-day's drive by fast buggy from Syracuse, Gideon Emmons and Henry Nichols sweated as they bent to the task of sinking a well just behind the barn for Stub's cattle. The ground was marshy and moist from the seepage of nearby Onondaga Creek. The earth came away in heavy chunks as their shovels bit into it. Up the hill, Stub and a neighbor, Hiram Watkins, were drawing stones to line the well when the hired men had it sunk. It was Saturday forenoon, October 16, 1869.

Gideon and Henry worked steadily under the blazing sun. In a short while their hole was down three feet. Then Gideon's shovel rang on a rock. Cursing mildly—New York soil is rocky, but so far they had no trouble with boulders—Gideon started to clear the earth away from the obstruction to find out how big it was. As he did, the rock began to take on a curiously familiar shape. In moments, it lay revealed—a huge human foot, stony hard.

"Jerusalem, Nichols, it's a great big injun," exclaimed Gideon. Henry took a look.

"Looks to be 'tached to a leg too," he said, scraping another shovelful away from the ankle and exposing a shin. "Looks like you found something mighty interesting, Gideon."

The two workmen hailed Stub Newell and his neighbor. Stub's eyes widened when he saw the foot. "We better see what we got here," he said. "Could be something pretty important—valuable too, maybe." With four shovels working, the outlines of the find were soon revealed. If it was an injun, as Gideon Emmons thought, it sure was a big one. At least twice the size of a full-grown man, and human by the looks of it.

As the men worked, they called to neighbors passing by on the road in front of the farm, and a lot of them came over to help or stand around and kibitz. One of the first was John Hagan, who began brushing the topsoil off the body, and helped square off the trench. By early afternoon, the giant was fully exposed: a huge male figure, nude and hairless, lying face upward with his limbs strangely contorted. The legs were drawn up slightly, the left hand rested on the abdomen, while the right arm twisted under the body. Blue-gray in color, water-worn on the underside, it looked like a statue to some. Others pointed to the darker blue vein-like lines, the skin pores that covered the figure, and the contorted position—as if death had come painfully—and decided that it was a petrified giant. Whatever it was, it was a wondrous thing, and by nightfall a crowd of several thousand was gathered on Stub Newell's farm, jostling for a look at the strange find. By Sunday, Stub, no man to pass up a good thing, had a fence around the giant's "grave" and was charging a half-dollar a head for a look at it. On Monday he brought a man out from Syracuse who put up a huge tent over the hole, and a sign-painter from Cardiff got busy drawing placards. The great Cardiff Giant hoax was on. A hoax that would make Stub Newell and a half-dozen others rich. That would create a furor in scientific and religious circles, and make a laughingstock of some of the nation's most respected academic minds. A hoax that nothing, not even the confession that it was a con job, could discredit in the eyes of many who still believed—even after the full admission that it was a huge practical joke had been published everywhere.

It all might never have come about if the Reverend
MORE

LAST RESTING PLACE FOR A GIANT

Workmen stand in mock reverence near open grave at museum in Coopers-town, N. Y., where giant was finally laid to rest in May, 1948.



the incredible petrified man

Harold Turk of Ackley, Iowa, had not been such a skilled debater, and if he had not so thoroughly whipped George Hull in an argument over religion. An evangelist, Reverend Turk was holding revival meetings in Ackley in the spring of 1866 when Hull, a native of Connecticut who had done well in the tobacco business in Binghamton, N.Y., came to Ackley to visit his sister. As a cosmopolite from the East, Hull was entertained in the best homes of Ackley, and met all the leading local personages—Reverend Turk among them. Had the hostess known that George Hull was a confirmed agnostic, not only skeptical but derisive of the Bible, she would probably never have invited the preacher to the party. For Preacher Turk's was a fundamentalist brand of doctrine, including a firm belief in the literal accuracy of the Scriptures. From the start the two men were like a pair of bulls waving red flags at each other.

"And I suppose you believe all of that nonsense about 'There were giants in those days,' too," snorted Hull at one point. "Even though you can't explain why science has already shown—through Dr. Darwin's studies—that we are the natural evolvement of a vertebrate form of life?"

"I do sir," Reverend Turk answered. "Not only that there were giants, but are now—though not living of course—and it remains only for the science of archaeology, which has been making such great strides of late, to come upon the remains of one of them to prove my thesis."

"It's all very well to have faith, preacher," said Hull,

"and I can respect you for it even if I don't agree with you about the existence of God. But to believe in such fairy tales is so much childish foolishness."

The preacher drew himself up. "It is curious to me," he said coldly, with a glance around at the listening circle of ladies and gentlemen, "that you, sir, who are so quick to cite the evidence of science to attack others, are now unwilling to follow the scientific course and suspend judgment until proof is offered. Proof which I have enough faith to wait for, while you insist on a dogged prejudice without evidence either way."

At that, a lady in the crowd snickered. One of the men clapped Hull on the back and said, "There, old fellow. He's got you on that one." And the group broke up into gay chatter as Reverend Turk retired, victorious, from the debate, the center of an admiring circle.

The incident rankled George Hull. It rankled because he was sure he was right. But it rankled most because he had been beaten by a hick revivalist. He lay awake that night, thinking about it, and as he thought, he formed a scheme. If all clergymen were as gullible as Reverend Turk, he could trap them with their own faith, prove to everyone that they were so blinded by false ideas that they couldn't tell truth from fakery. It might be expensive, but the laughs would be worth it.

The next morning, Hull started to put his plan into action. First he enlisted the help—and financial participation—of George Markham, a friend of his sister's family. He told Markham what he wanted to do: to have a huge stone figure carved, so realistically that it might be a petrified human but crude enough so that when the hoax was exposed, it would be evident to all.

"The only trouble is finding a piece of stone big enough to work into a giant statue," Hull said.

"Why not gypsum?" asked Markham. "It's compara-

tively light, soft enough to be carved easily and smoothly, and easy to grind to make it look worn." An added advantage, as he saw it, was the fact that there were some fine gypsum quarries in the nearby countryside—far enough from the East so that no easy connection could be made between the quarrying of the stone and the finding of the "body."

"Good idea," said Hull. Then he started looking for a sculptor to carve the body. He had to go all the way to Chicago before he found a stonecutter skilled enough to suit him. In Chicago he finally located his man—Edward Burkhardt, of 940 North Clark, a monument carver whose figures were almost lifelike, and who agreed, for a certain sum of money, to keep his mouth shut.

By the time Hull got back to Ackley, Markham had found and purchased an acre of quarry land near the town, where it looked as if they could cut out a block big enough for their purposes. But the plan ran into trouble. In the first place, everyone wanted to know what they were up to. "We're going to take a block of this gypsum to Washington for a display. We're going to call it 'the best building stone in the world,'" Markham told some. At the same time, Hull was telling others, "It's going to be Iowa's gift to the Lincoln Memorial—a huge block of our native stone to grace the facade along with stones from all the other states."

"Dammit, Hull, we've got to get our stories straight," complained Markham when gossip began buzzing about the two versions of the story. "If things keep getting bungled like this, our operation will become the talk of the whole state, and spoil everything."

The second problem was even more serious. With a half-dozen hired hands from nearby farms, Hull and Markham sweated daily trying to carve out a single block of stone big enough for their purposes. But each time they had the block almost free, it broke. The gypsum, it seemed, was soft, all right. So soft that it crumbled like chalk, or split when too much pressure was put on it the wrong way. After four attempts and failures, Markham, smarting under the laughter of his fellow businessmen in Ackley, pulled out.

"I thought it might be a good scheme at first," he told Hull. "But now I'm beginning to think it's a crackpot idea. You can count me out." But he promised not to give away the secret. And Hull set off looking for another place to quarry the stone—one where the gypsum was not full of faults and soft streaks. It took a month, but he finally found what he was looking for—a fine, solid bed of gypsum just outside the town of Fort Dodge. What made the stone even better from Hull's viewpoint were the blue streaks that ran through the white rock, lines that might be used by a skilled carver to imitate human veins.

Still worried by all the talk his last try at getting stone had caused, Hull went roundabout to get his labor. Luck was with him. The Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad was under construction nearby. Reasoning that if he could get the road gang to cut his stone instead of local people, gossip would be kept at a minimum and the workmen would be scattered in a few months, Hull approached their foreman.

"Well," said the foreman. "I dunno. The boys work pretty hard all week and like to rest on weekends. Course they might do it next Sunday if I was to make a special effort to persuade 'em. They'll do a damnsight more for me than they will for anyone else." Hull, understanding, slipped the foreman a \$100 bill. "Yep, I guess they'll cut it for you next Sunday," smiled the foreman. "I'll see to it. How big a piece you want?"

"The biggest you can cut," said Hull. "But it has to be one piece."

By now it was July, and the prairie sun was blazing on Sunday, but by greasing everyone's palm liberally—including the foreman's again—and by making a full keg of beer available for the thirsty workmen to refresh themselves, Hull got his stone. It wasn't quite square, and there were a few tense moments when, late in the day, the boozed up crew got a little playful with the hoisting tackle as they loaded the block of gypsum aboard a wagon, but Hull had his stone. It was 12 feet long, four feet wide and 22 inches thick, and it weighed three and a half tons. It took a four-horse team and everyone pushing to get the wagon started on the road to Boone, 40 miles away, where the Union Pacific line ran through to Chicago. But as the wagon creaked down the road, Hull breathed a sigh of relief. Step one accomplished.

If Hull thought his worries were over when he got the rock, he was sadly mistaken. The trip to Boone was a nightmare. First the tremendous weight broke the wagon's wheels, and new and stouter ones had to be supplied. Then, crossing a wooden bridge, the load proved too much and the trestle cracked, dropping the wagon and its load four feet—enough to break the axles with the shock. Another wagon and onward—until, just a few miles out of Boone, Hull found himself forbidden to cross another bridge by a county supervisor who had heard what happened at the last one.

"You'll have to lighten the load," he said.

"But I can't," said Hull. "It's all one piece. I can't take it over in halves."

"Well, you'll have to do something. I can't let you go across with that much weight," said the officer. Hull argued, pleaded, cajoled and even tried bribery, but with no success. Finally, with tears of frustration in his eyes, he okayed cutting off two feet of the huge slab, leaving it only 10 feet long. After a week's struggle, he finally got the cargo to Boone and the railroad.

In Burkhardt's barn, where Hull had the stone delivered upon its arrival in Chicago, step two began.

"What I want," said Hull, "is a statue that looks like someone who just laid down and died."

It must be, he made clear, as realistic as possible, so that if someone didn't look too closely, they might think it was a petrified giant.

(Continued on page 62)

"BUILD ME ANOTHER BIG STONE MAN!"

When P. T. Barnum (here with "Tom Thumb") saw his \$60,000 offer for Cardiff Giant lease snubbed, he ordered a duplicate built, peddled it as the original.



WHO'S WATCHING THE STORE?



"Maintain your superior air—this is a stick-up!"



"Guess who!"





ROY
WILLIAMS

"Look over the tomatoes, Harry, and pick out some that are ripe."

Wholesale, Retail or Discount House, the store is where a lot of America likes to spend an awful lot of time and money. Matter of fact, there's so much going on, that our top cartoonists just couldn't resist.





THE BEAST

by **CARL HALEVY**

**Today, somewhere in
Africa, a bearded fat man
wearing a red fez is
living on borrowed time. He
is Haj Amin, "Grand
Mufti" of hate—the man who
can start World War III.**

■ ON the last night of Rommel's disastrous defeat at El Alamein, early in November of 1942, the whitewashed houses of Cairo's native quarter emptied themselves into narrow alleyways as thousands of Arabs in burnouses and flowing robes poured down the streets towards the eastern end of the city. The swelling mob rumbled and muttered as it swarmed into the Jewish quarter, racing up streets with scimitars swinging and guns thundering, crashing into homes and shops, their bloodcurdling desert yells mingling horribly with the shrieks of terror and hideous cries of their agonized victims. Everywhere in the Middle East it was like this, revenge for Rommel's defeat, bloody vengeance in the ghettos of Baghdad, Jerusalem, Tunis, Cairo. They ravaged, tortured and murdered all night long, until they were spent with exhaustion.

In a mud-brick house deep in the Cairo ghetto, a fat man in a dirty white linen suit and wearing a red fez with a golden tassel, stood spread-legged with hands on hips and stared at the young woman before him.

She had the wide almond eyes and curving semitic profile of the oriental Jewess. Her nose was thin and her lips were heavily sensual. The eyes were fierce. She hung trussed by her wrists from a roof beam and only a few shreds of clothing covered her nudity. Her body was young and strong, but it was laced by bloody whip-strokes.

Others hung likewise from the beams, but they were dead, disembowelled, flayed . . .

Around the walls of the single room stood burnoused and white-robed Arabs, knives, guns, and whips still in hand. They watched the fat man and the girl with eyes that glittered in the deep amber light of a single oil lamp. Rape was not a new experience for them, but the ravishing of Jewish virgins has always been a rare treat for an Arab since Biblical days thousands of years ago when desert tribes raided each other regularly, killing, looting, taking slaves.

The fat man in the red fez looked over the girl slowly. Her body hung limply, but her eyes burned deep into the fat man's soul, cursing it with a hatred that would have turned another man from his purpose. But the fat man only smiled. Under the sleek black moustache, carefully trimmed and waxed, his lips drew back over yellow teeth.

MORE



It was Field Marshal Rommel's crushing defeat at El Alamein that set off Haj Amin al-Husseini's blood-letting purge throughout the entire Middle East—from Tunisia to Iraq. His fanatical agents fill the ranks of every hate for hate's-sake force in the world today.

**THE WHOLE WORLD
WANTS TO KILL!**



THE BEAST

THE WHOLE WORLD WANTS TO KILL!



He reached inside his jacket and pulled out a small vial, from which he removed the stopper, and he quickly tossed its contents into the girl's face.

The liquid smoked when it struck flesh, splashing down her nakedness. She screamed just once in agony.

From the Arabs around the walls a moan of protest chorused and slowly died. They had not expected this act from their Grand Mufti.

An Arab rushed into the room, shouting, "*Military police!*" and immediately everyone began to crowd out the door. Their leader snarled at them, "Get to one side, you illegitimate sons of Christian swine! Let your Grand Mufti pass!" But it was every man for himself, and the Grand Mufti was now only another fat man who had to squeeze his belly through the doorway with the others. Police car sirens split the night and their blinding beams of light probed narrow alleys and dark doorways, picking out huddled Arabs hiding in the shadows, outlining the awkwardly still forms of the dead and the tormented bodies of the dying. British military police with guns drawn raced down the alleyways, driving Arabs before them, herding them out of the ghetto, looking among them for their leaders...

The fat man stood motionless in the darkness of a doorway and watched soldiers run down the street past the end of the alley. Sweat dripped from his jowls, and he wheezed slightly as he struggled to catch his breath. His lips moved silently, phrasing the invocation, "*Bismillah Allah!*"—*God in Heaven!* Was this to be his fate? Had Allah willed it to be here and now? The night was filled with running, shouting soldiers. They would find him soon. This time he would not escape the British,

bribe them with deals, bully them with threats. This was the end, this night of destiny, with Field Marshal Rommel at last defeated and the *Afrika Korps* destroyed, with the Arab Legion checkmated everywhere by 100,000 Jews under arms and ready to strike!

On the cobblestones outside his hiding place, the fat man saw a corpse. The dead man was wearing a bloody shirt and a little skullcap, a *yarmulkeh* of the kind worn by devout Jews. Taking off his red fez and stuffing it inside his jacket pocket, the fat man stepped quickly out of the dark doorway and into the alley. He snatched up the skullcap. Then he ripped a strip from the dead man's bloody shirt, which he wrapped around his left hand. In that hand he carried a small-caliber automatic, now hidden by the bandage. He looked at the skullcap, spat once and placed the *yarmulkeh* on the back of his head. Then he walked down the alley and out onto the street.

A pair of British soldiers grabbed him immediately and patted his pockets for guns. Finding none, they let him pass. He filed along with the column of wounded Jews making their way toward first-aid stations which the British military police were already setting up just outside the ghetto.

Twice more he was challenged by British soldiers, but each time he was permitted to pass. A British officer who was an English Jew himself questioned the fat man.

"Your name?" demanded the officer.

"Moishe Ben Israel," the fat man said.

"Let me see your wound!"

"A very deep cut, sir," said the fat man. "I have tied a tourniquet under this bandage. I am afraid to open it!"

"Very well," said the officer, adding, "Let me see your

Bloodletting follows in Haj Amin's footsteps, always in the same pattern as here, recently, in Lebanon: Sudden, explosive rioting, bombs and guns produced out of "nowhere," then the inevitable torture purge. When last seen, Haj Amin was in Egypt, still eluding the bullets of the assassins hired by many foreign countries to kill him.



The captain looked at the civilian. "Who is he?" "This is the man who started tonight's pogrom!" said the man in the Homburg. "Have you seen him?" "Yes, sir," the captain said nervously. "Tonight?" "He passed through a few minutes ago, sir." "How long ago?" "Just before you came along, sir." "Which way did he go?" "Straight up the street, where the others are going. I took him for a Jew, sir. He wore the skullcap, you know..."

But the man in the Homburg hat didn't wait to hear more. He was already back in his car, and the chauffeur had the gears grinding before the door was closed. They roared up the street and into the darkness.

Outside the ghetto, the fat man tore the *yarmulkeh* from his head and threw it into the gutter. He unwound the bloody bandage and pocketed his gun. Then he took the red fez out of his jacket and put it on. Hailing a taxi, he told the driver, "To the *medina*!"

As the cab pulled away, a car came roaring out of the ghetto. The fat man turned in his seat to see if the car followed him. It did.

"Make this donkey of a cab go faster!" he ordered his driver. "Or I'll blow your head off your shoulders!" The cabbie jammed the gas pedal to the floorboard and hunched over his wheel. The fat man got his gun out again and smashed the rear window.

"The glass cost an English pound!" the driver wailed. The sudden explosion of gunfire behind him made him shriek like a gutted camel. He broadsided the cab around a corner, tires squealing as they spun against the cobblestones, and when the following car rounded the corner a fresh burst of gunfire panicked him. He slammed the brake pedal to the floor and spun the wheel, sending his cab into a looping slide that ended against a concrete wall bordering the roadway. The car behind them slammed into the left side of the taxi, pinning the cabbie behind the wheel, where he fought to get free and shouted prayers to Allah.

The right rear door of the taxi swung open, and the fat man leaped out shooting. (Continued on page 59)

identification papers! I trust you have them on you!" "Everything was stolen from me tonight by these accursed Arabs!"

The British officer studied the fat man's face for a long moment. Then he said, "Pass on!" Afterwards he took off his eyeglasses and polished them while looking up the street after him. "That man looked rather familiar to me, you know," the officer said to his sergeant. "They all look alike, sir!" said the sergeant.

The officer put on his glasses again, stared hard at the noncom, and turned back to his job of questioning the long line of Jews waiting to leave the ghetto for medical attention.

A man in a Homburg hat, wearing a gray tweed suit of European cut and carrying a dispatch case, got out of a civilian automobile that had quietly pulled up. He walked over to the officer, flashed an ID card, shook hands, then took a small photograph out of his pocket and showed it to the officer.

"Have you seen this man tonight, captain?" he asked.

The captain studied the photo of a fat man with a sleek black moustache, the once magnificent Arab eyes now half-hidden by the puffy flesh of dissipation. He wore a white suit and a tasseled fez.

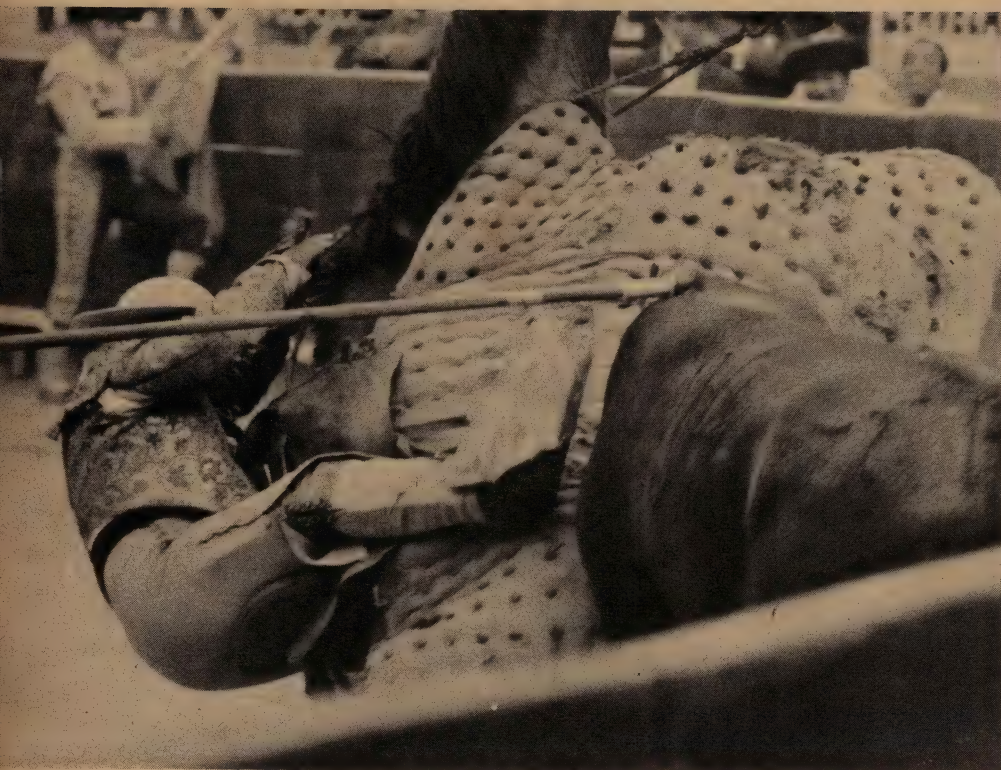
RAGE IN THE AFTERNOON

BRIAN CAMERON

It is the picador's job to enrage the bull.

THE ritual of the bull-fight has already begun. The beast is in the ring, big and black. His horns, thick around as a man's forearm, catch the bright sunlight like flashing swords.

Francisco Fuentes, called "*Pancholin*," is the picador. From the back of his heavily quilted horse he must sink his lance-like *pic* deep into the bull's neck



The picador is jolted from his saddle as his horse falls to the arena's sand after having been thrown into the air by the bull's furious attack. The action takes place in the Plaza de Toros, which is the largest bullfighting arena in the world.

The horse is dead. And the picador, bruised and shocked by narrow escape, contemplates the mistake that nearly cost him his life. As a result of the injuries he suffered, he was hospitalized for 6 months. The matador finished the bull.

Disembowled and dying, the horse tries to struggle to its feet—and is caught again by a horn in the throat. "*Pancholin*," the picador, is saved only by the fact that his jacket, caught by the bull's horn, rips off as matadores try to distract bull.

But there are times when he does his work too well...

and shoulder muscles: This will madden the bull and guarantee the crowd a good fight.

"Pancholin" spurs his ancient blindfolded mount to where the bull is pawing the arena's sand to dust. There is a unanimous "Ole!" from the crowd as the picador jabs his lance into the bull's neck and withdraws it. Suddenly the bull's head is under the

horse's belly. The horse is thrown high into the air with "Pancholin" still astride him. *Matadores* rush out from behind the balustrade to distract the frenzied bull who, having already disemboweled the horse, is attacking the picador. They save him and carry him, bruised and torn, to the dispensary. It is six months before Fuentes can work again. ●

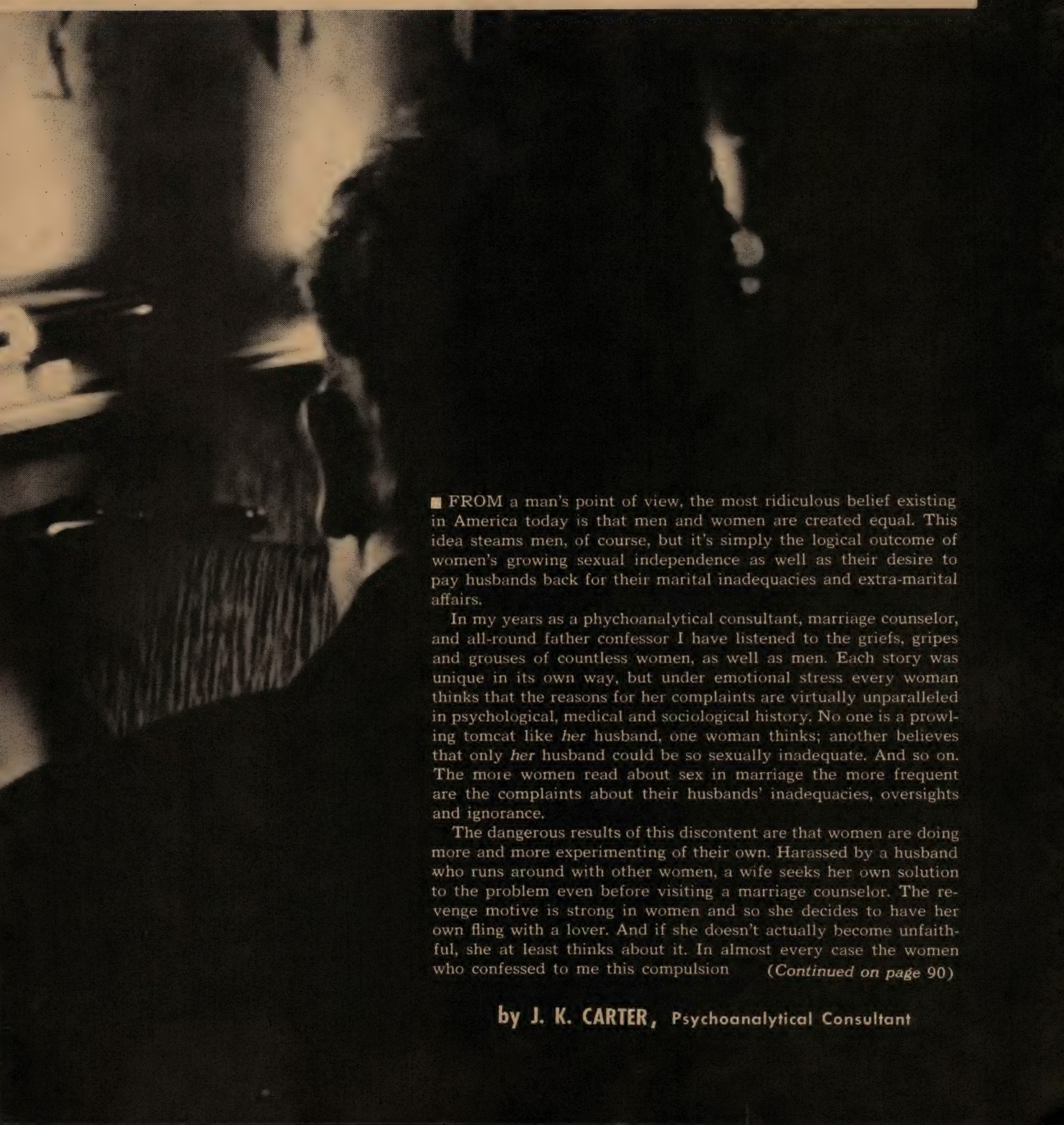


*What
doctors
know
about*

UNFAITHFUL



WIVES



"It doesn't take long," claims our distinguished researcher, "for a highly trained eye to spot those women who are potentially unfaithful wives." In this exclusive article, he tells you why this is so—and how.

■ FROM a man's point of view, the most ridiculous belief existing in America today is that men and women are created equal. This idea steams men, of course, but it's simply the logical outcome of women's growing sexual independence as well as their desire to pay husbands back for their marital inadequacies and extra-marital affairs.

In my years as a psychoanalytical consultant, marriage counselor, and all-round father confessor I have listened to the griefs, gripes and grouses of countless women, as well as men. Each story was unique in its own way, but under emotional stress every woman thinks that the reasons for her complaints are virtually unparalleled in psychological, medical and sociological history. No one is a prowling tomcat like *her* husband, one woman thinks; another believes that only *her* husband could be so sexually inadequate. And so on. The more women read about sex in marriage the more frequent are the complaints about their husbands' inadequacies, oversights and ignorance.

The dangerous results of this discontent are that women are doing more and more experimenting of their own. Harassed by a husband who runs around with other women, a wife seeks her own solution to the problem even before visiting a marriage counselor. The revenge motive is strong in women and so she decides to have her own fling with a lover. And if she doesn't actually become unfaithful, she at least thinks about it. In almost every case the women who confessed to me this compulsion (Continued on page 90)

by J. K. CARTER, Psychoanalytical Consultant

ONE CAME BACK

by ZIG DUMBROWSKI

■ WE hit the dirt together, but only one of us got up to run again.

I saw the dime-size hole in Corporal Makolevski's forehead and the gush of blood running down the bridge of his nose. His lips parted and he croaked something unintelligible, and then he was dead.

Desperately, I pushed away from him but the Nazi sentry corrected his aim and the whining *zing* of automatic rifle fire traced my course to the boulder. I felt naked and defenseless squinting up at the abutment. He could see me, he could shoot down my throat, move around at will to get a better angle; I couldn't.

I could only look up and wonder when I'd die.

The place was Köln, Germany, a strip of forest near the Rhine, shortly after our mission to bomb the Milne Munitions factories had been completed. It was August, 1944, and the Polish Air Force was fighting out of British airports. Only I wasn't fighting in a plane then; I was on the ground, part of a team sent in to sabotage and destroy a plant that was so cleverly hidden it couldn't be hit from the air.

On August 12, 1944, six men parachuted into Nazi Germany. Their orders: "Destroy the Koln munitions works — or die trying." Here is the story behind a "minor incident" which, at best, shortened World War II by only a short time. But it proved to a ruthless enemy that men who fight for a just cause often accomplish the impossible.



We'd been given instructions—the six of us on this suicide mission—but the one I kept remembering now was *take the pill before they question you if you don't think you can hold out!* It was a small capsule of cyanide strapped to my armpit. It was still there—now at the end of the mission which had been accomplished at the cost of my five companions.

Technically, I was a paratrooper Sergeant, but specially trained for espionage work — suicide work, we preferred to call it. I'd been in England before the war, a civilian with military experience. Thus with the war, I managed to get away from the Nazis long enough to volunteer my

services in any capacity the Resistance Army saw fit.

Me and my compatriots were put in a Division of paratroopers. I'd never jumped higher than from the stoop of my house before, but I learned to swallow my stomach and hit the silk because I *wanted* to learn. I wanted desperately to kill Nazis, and I did. I killed a lot of them that afternoon before ripping off the flesh-colored plaster that held the deadly pill under my armpit.

Before we'd boarded the C-46 transport, the six of us under Lieutenant John Barzan were told we'd have 60 hours to complete our mission. We were further told to rendez-

vous at a point below Köln, there to wait in the house of a German farmer (sympathetic, oddly) for the plane to pick us up. It was suicide for all concerned, including the British plane crew, for Köln was as heavily fortified with anti-aircraft as Berlin.

Still, we'd come in, parachuting at 2,000 feet at night, and made it. Sixty hours! I thought. That's a hell of a long time, but I didn't express my thoughts—Barzan was the thinker in our outfit. And he was sharp, too. We changed into factory workers' garb right after we landed, and then proceeded away from the river toward the secondary station which the Germans. (Continued on page 69)



DOUBLE
LENGTH
BONUS**"YOU FIGHT YOUR WAR—
I'LL FIGHT MINE!"***(Continued from page 14)*

Our enemies would say the Commies was behind us. No, sir, we dare not risk it. Can ye not do better than that, sir?"

"Maybe," I said, beginning to get an idea, "but you'll have to give me time to think about it. I'll sleep on it overnight and let you know first thing tomorrow morning."

The three Irishmen stood up, and we drank another Gaelic toast. "To Ireland, all one, and all free!" they said, downing their glasses. As these were water tumblers and not one-ounce bar shots, my respect for their ability rose a notch. I'm not *against* the Irish rebellion—or any other national independence movement. It's just that *their* war isn't *my* war. I'm not mad at anybody.

At the door I asked O'Herlihy, "Can you recommend a good saloon, where some of your boys are likely to be?" I wanted to look over the kind of fighters I had in mind. I *had* a plan, all right, a rough one.

He jabbered with his two comrades in Gaelic, then said, "Yis, if ye'll take the first turnin' to the left and walk three squares, ye'll find a pub called *The Minstrel Boy*, on lower Harcourt. While ye're walkin' there, I'll telephone to the barmaid that ye're comin': Good night! Come to me any time tomorrow, we're always at your service, Mr. Maslin. Good night, gintlemin!"

The Minstrel Boy was full of men, women, smoke, and song. A young fellow at the back was plucking a harp and singing very pretty. O'Herlihy must have telephoned the barmaid, like he said, because as we swung into the joint, she spotted us—and I spotted her! You would have singled her out in a St. Patrick's Day crowd on New York's Fifth Avenue. She had the kind of figure our postal censors frown on and revivalist preachers howl sermons against. Put her at the head of an IRA column, and the Irish rebels would follow her across St. George's Channel and set fire to London. She wore a low-cut blouse and had a peaches-and-cream complexion. Her eyes were big and dark blue, her hair was long and flame-colored. And she wore a low-cut blouse—or did I say that? I just stared like a country boy with haystacks on his mind. She was a big girl, big in every way, and about 19 years old, the happy kind that likes to smile.

She shoved a bottle of *Old Paddy* and two glasses across the bar, saying, "Help yourselves, gintlemin, everythin' is on the house!"

Then I gave my full and undivided attention to the barmaid. Her name was Moira O'Fearr, and she came from County Cavan. That's as far as I got before the bouncer decided I was getting fresh with the girl and asked me to join my friend Willy who was sitting at a nearby table, passing time with two colleens. Since the bouncer was my size, I was polite when I told him to go to hell: I said please.

He moved to grab me by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants, in the traditional and classic style of dumb bouncers, and he was picking himself off the floor before he knew what happened. It's a jiu-jitsu trick we all learned in the Marines—you just grab the man's outstretched hand and flip him. Since World War II, everyone has seen it done. I did it to him twice. The bouncer saw he wasn't going to get any place with me, so he took after Willy, but the big guy got the same treatment from him, since you don't have to be as big as me

to do this trick. Besides, Willy has a combat record as long as your arm. In fact we met in a tropical paradise called Okinawa. After Willy bounced the bouncer off the deck a couple of times, the big man got mean and threw a chair. Willy ducked, but one of his colleens caught the chair seat on her noggin and quietly folded up and went to sleep.

Other men's brutality to women I cannot tolerate, so I rushed the guy and gave him a pair of fives, one in the breadbasket and the other on the button. They would have folded most men, but this brute grinned like he wanted to play. We played all over the place. Everybody in the place joined in the fun, and we had a regular donnybrook.

Then the local police intruded on our privacy, and I looked for the back way out.

Moira gave me the high sign, and I hurdled the bar after her. She led me down a trapdoor to the cellar, bolting the door after us from the under side. We sat on a couple of barrels and listened to the ruckus quieting down upstairs.

"I hope me brither's all right," she said.

"The bouncer . . . ?" I asked, hating myself when I thought how I'd worked the big guy over.

"Lord, no!" she laughed. "Conn. The lad who sang. Did ye not see him there with his harp?"

"Sure 'n' begorra!" I said. "The lad can fight!"

She laughed again, and I picked her off the barrel where she sat. I held her hard and close and kissed her hard. And it was I who came up first for air . . .

After the upstairs battle ceased, Moira led me through a back cellar exit into an alleyway behind Harcourt Street. "We'll go home now and see if Conn got away," she said.

When we got to her house, we found no brother, and I tried not to sound delighted when I said, "He's in jail with Willy. But your mother . . . ?"

"There's jist me and Conn now," Moira said, leading the way into the kitchen. "Well, would ye like some supper, Barney me bucko!"

This colleen was a good cook. She was good at everything, and by daybreak she could have signed me up with the IRA. At any rate, I now had a plan that would



get the guns and ammunition O'Herlihy and his people wanted—and as much scrap metal as they could use. That is, providing I could recruit ten men like the battlers at *The Minstrel Boy*.

First on the day's agenda was getting Moira's kid brother and Willy out of pokey. This took all my money for their bail, but it was worth the price to see the shaken look on Willy's face—and the devil-may-care look on Conn's. Young as he was, 17, the lad had a lot of jail experience. He was a fine broth of a boy, red-haired like his big sister, and bursting with fight. Willy was not accustomed to nights in the clink, however, and he looked beat. But he had explained our mission to his cell-mates during the night, and he reported now that these harps looked on us like the U.S. Marines landing to take the situation in hand.

We left the jailhouse and headed for the nearest breakfast. Young Conn was noisy with gratitude; Willy wanted to know if I had a plan.

"You might say so, yes," I answered. "You got us into this, now I'll get us out . . . Or would you rather hightail it for New York?" I was still sore at him for setting up this cockeyed deal, getting an order for guns and no guns to deliver, and getting an order for scrap with no source of metal in sight. And so I said what I did.

"What the hell you mean, 'hightail it for New York,' you big slob!" he howled. We were in a corner cafe near the jail. I grabbed his hand when he grabbed the water pitcher to brain me with it.

"Now, Willy, take it easy!" I cautioned.

I was beginning to understand. Sure he set up a crazy deal, one that made no sense at all. He had said he just wanted to take a vacation and get out of New York for a while, and I could understand it now. Being cooped up in a business office all the time while your buddy is running around the world having a ball, must be hard to take. So he seized the first excuse to come out and join me. And in a way I sort of owed it to my silent partner to show him a good time, to give him the vacation he wanted. Which is what I now planned to do.

We finished breakfast and headed for the office of O'Herlihy, Ballynny, and O'Tuomy, as I had promised them an answer this morning. They were pleased to see me with their young hero Conn in tow.

Though it was only 10 o'clock in the morning, O'Herlihy broke out the green bottle of *John Jameson*, and we had a fresher.

"You have a plan, Mr. Maslin?" O'Herlihy asked, and his voice had a tense edge to it.

"My plan will cost you one thousand dollars a week for six weeks," I said. "That's my personal salary. You will also pay my partner and me fifty dollars for each gun we deliver to you, and fifty dollars for each case of ammunition. You will provide me with ten of your toughest IRA fighters, British army uniforms to fit them, and several boxes of dynamite. So if these terms are agreeable to you, I will accept my first week's pay now, in advance. I will also let you refund the bail money I laid out this morning for my partner and your Conn O'Fearr."

O'Herlihy didn't crack a smile. He said, "I must know details, Mr. Maslin. It's sure ye're plannin' an armed raid, and all such actions must be approved by General Headquarters of the Irish Republican Army."

"Okay," I agreed. "Lead me to 'em!"

"Ye're sittin' in GHQ right now where ye are, Mr. Maslin," he said. "I am Commanding General. These gentlemen are Colonels, my General Staff . . ." He pressed a button below the edge of the table, and a man in Harris tweed immediately entered through a side door. General O'Herlihy then added, "And this is Major Swann, my chief of liaison. He will coordinate the plans."



It was happening a trifle fast, but I managed to keep track. Though I had been sure these men were patriots, it surprised me a little that they were also the General Staff of the IRA.

O'Herlihy asked me to detail my plan to the Colonels and Major Swann, and I did, and they approved it on the spot.

Then O'Herlihy ordered Conn to pick nine other men besides himself for this action, and the lad left us to go and carry out his orders.

Major Swann accompanied me and Willy to the airport, where we saw my partner off on the plane for Belfast, capital of Northern Ireland. He would have six weeks to prepare his end of the operation—hiring heavy equipment and the crews to run it, a traveling crane and some flat-bed dray trucks for transporting structural steel.

Then before flying to County Donegal with Major Swann, I went back to *The Minstrel Boy* and said good-bye to Moira, telling her as much as I could about the coming mission.

The big bouncer was there, and when he saw me he started from the back of the place, brushing aside tables and chairs as he came.

Moira yelled something Gaelic at him, and he stopped and stood off, just glowering at me. I grinned at him and then gave Moira a juicy kiss on the mouth as she leaned across the bar.

"Take good care of me brither," she said. "Bring him back to me."

I promised I would.

That night Major Swann and I landed in a light plane at Camp Kilbannon, the biggest IRA training camp in County Donegal, not far from Lake Erne and the frontier between the Irish Republic and the counties of the North that are still occupied by British troops.

I had a feeling that Major Swann wasn't Irish, but I

DOUBLE
LENGTH
BONUS

**"YOU FIGHT YOUR WAR—
I'LL FIGHT MINE!"**

had no reason to give it any thought at the time. That came later.

The following day my ten men arrived at Camp Kilbannion. Since young Conn O'Fearn had been detailed the job of rounding them up, and since my only request had been for the ten toughest raiders in the IRA, I guess I should not have been surprised to see that big bouncer from *The Minstrel Boy* among them. His name was Finn MacDiarmada, from County Limerick, and very tough, as I knew well. He seemed as surprised as I was.

That night I detailed the plan of action to my ten men, with Major Swann standing by to confirm everything. We were to cross the border into occupied Ireland, take over a British garrison at night, load all their arsenal of guns and ammunition onto a lorry, set demolition charges of dynamite, destroy the building, and then try to get away with our booty and our lives.

I started training my men through a six-week course of hand-to-hand night fighting as I had learned it under Marine Colonel "Tony" Biddle and later under Carlson of the Marine Raiders.

For this I used a large abandoned farmhouse with many rooms and hallways, and I had all windows and other sources of light plugged up. Then, night after night, I taught my men how to stalk each other in the darkness, how to move silently, how to find a man by sound, and how to handle him when found. I got into it with them, and we all learned the hard way, often taking a few bare knuckles in the face as the penalty for getting caught in the dark. But we wore no brass knucks, as we would later, and we used no live ammo in these rehearsals. A good thing, too, because I tangled with the bouncer, big Finn MacDiarmada more than once in these pitch dark sessions. I think he spent all his time looking for me. He could hit like a pile-driver, but I gave him as good as I took. Everyone went around with black eyes and swollen noses most of those six weeks. Young Conn O'Fearn's handsome face was mostly black and blue. But we were all learning.

It seems strange, but this was the detail: We would cross the frontier dressed as farmers, but wearing *British* uniforms under our peasant clothes. Then we would enter Brookeborough Barracks dressed as British Territorial troops, and carrying our peasant costumes rolled up as parcels under our arms.

Once inside the barracks, we would jump the garrison. At this point I expected someone would douse the lights and send out the call for reinforcements, so we would have to work in the dark—and work fast.

Now we would clobber the garrison troops as fast as possible, dress *them* in our *Irish* peasant clothes over their uniforms. And then make our getaway. With the British troops as decoys—out cold and dressed like IRA raiders—"prisoners" of us "loyal" British soldiers.

That was only part of the operation, but it was the most ticklish part, the hardest to pull off. The rest had to do with stealing some motor lorries, planting dynamite, and so forth, mere details compared with the other part. My partner Willy would enter here to carry out his end of the mission . . . But I'm getting ahead of my story.

The mysterious Major Carl Swann flew back and forth between Camp Kilbannion and Dublin, coordinating my plan with the objectives of the Irish Republican Army's GHQ, meaning General O'Herlihy and his staff, and



advising my partner Willy up in Belfast. If I had known just *what* he was advising Willy . . . But in an operation like the one we had in mind, you have to gamble and take your chances.

We had a day off at Christmas, the Irish being devout people. And the next day Major Swann came to me with the final word and a strange request.

"GHQ wants to do it New Year's Eve," he said. "Can you and your men be ready?"

"I think we're ready now," I told him. "Why wait?"

"Propaganda," he said. "The IRA starts the new year with a big night raid on Brookeborough Barracks, making off with a load of guns and ammunition . . . You see the point, I'm sure."

"Okay by me," I said. "I'm on the payroll. You're working for me, but I'm on your payroll . . . That's a joke, son." He didn't smile.

"One thing more," he went on. "After knocking down the barracks, GHQ would like you to lead the raiders past Brookeborough Castle. Same kind of action there . . ."

"What's in it for me?" I asked.

"As you say, you're on the payroll," Major Swann replied. "And there will be a bonus, of course."

"What's this Brookeborough Castle?"

"It's the home of Lord Brookeborough, the British Prime Minister of Northern Ireland," Swann said.

I kept pressing him. "And what's *in* the castle, Major Swann?"

He looked me straight in the eye.

"Lord Brookeborough," he answered. I said nothing, and he went on. "The Prime Minister is a well hated man. He has put the curfews all over the northern counties, slapped heavy taxes on the people, raided private homes looking for IRA men . . ."

"So you want me to bump him off," I finished for him. "Well, listen, Major, I hired on to get you people some guns and ammunition for a price, and I'm training your raiders for a price, and afterwards you're going to receive a big shipment of scrap steel for a price. I don't mind a little piracy if there's enough money in it, but if you want any assassinations done, you'll have to get another boy. You can't hire my gun!"

"Sorry you feel that way, Mr. Maslin," the Major said. And he went on to make a speech about the Irish fighting for the Israelis against the British in Palestine, and how some of the Israelis' *Irgun Zvai Leumi* freelancers were now fighting for the Irish against the British in Northern Ireland . . .

At this point I shut him up. "What other men do is their own affair, Major," I told him. "You can go after Lord Brookeborough if you like, but not this trip. I need these boys to get the guns and ammo out, and if we go on an extra party against Brookeborough Castle . . . Well, you can see for yourself, the odds will be against getting those guns and ammo out—and against *us* getting out. No, Major Swann, you fight your war, I'll fight mine. And this particular operation belongs to me. These men are Maslin's Irish Raiders until the mission is accomplished. Afterwards the IRA can have them back. And that's *flat*!"

Major Swann let it ride.

On the night of the raid we crossed Lake Erne dressed as farmers, separately and at different times in the early evening, each wearing a British uniform under his peasant clothing. At Enniskillen we boarded public busses for Brookeborough Village. By nightfall we were loitering along the main street of Brookeborough singly and in pairs, dressed as British Territorial troops on liberty. We carried our peasant costumes in paper parcels under our arms. And each man carried several sticks of dynamite, plus fuses. As we strolled along we looked for a big military lorry, a truck large enough to carry the eleven of us, plus maybe 50 cases of guns and 50 of ammunition—and maybe a dozen dozing British garrison troops, if our plan worked out.

The village was swarming with tommies. Dressed as British Territorial officers, we attracted no attention beyond a few mumbled curses from villagers who passed us. But the tommies politely saluted, and we returned the gesture. They will be no sorrier to leave Ireland than the Irish will be to see them go, for it's a fact that the occupying force doesn't like its job. They just carry out orders from higher up.

It was Conn O'Farr who spotted the lorry we wanted. It was just pulling up to the curb before a pub. Its load of tommies spilled out and into the ale-house, their driver with them.

It was my move. I used to get butterflies in my belly at the start of every Marine raid, and that hasn't changed: when the fatal decision has to be made, my knees crawl right up into my guts. Sweating cold from sheer nerves, I climbed in behind the wheel of the lorry, switched on the ignition as Conn got in beside me, pressed the starter button, and felt my heart flutter like a dying man's. But the motor caught hold, and I headed our nose down the street, picking up my men as we went along. I drove straight on out of Brookeborough Village to the garrison at edge of town, fully expecting to hear sirens behind us at any moment.

But in point of fact we had no trouble of any kind until we reached the barracks, actually not till we got to the arsenal inside. At the gate I stopped the truck and let big Finn MacDiarmada and five men down to handle the two gate guards, the switchboard operator, the officer of the day, and whatever else they found around there. Then I pulled ahead into a big yard and around to the left, where young Conn and my other four men leaped off the moving lorry and overpowered the guards at the door of the arsenal. Major Swann's intelligence operatives had done a good job of scouting out the lay of the place, and we knew it as well as if we had been there before.

I turned the truck around and backed it up to the door

of the arsenal, left the motor running, and got into the building on the double.

Then somebody switched on the darkness. And silence closed in. I held my breath and listened hard for rustles of movement. A tiny scraping sound. The little click of a gun's safety catch.

A gray shape flung itself at me, and its fist caught me right on the point. I grinned happily because it wasn't an Irish fist: my boys *all* wore brass knuckledusters. So I slapped my gun alongside that soldier's skull and he showed no further signs of hostility. Now the fight was on, and from their grunting and cursing, I knew my men had their hands full with the other arsenal guards. I heard a ruckus in the fortress yard, but thus far no one had fired a shot. The only sounds were of feet scuffling, men growling, fists cracking against jawbones. I hoped the nervous British tommies would stick to in-fighting, forget shooting. From somewhere in the night came a racking cry, and it sounded like young Conn.

It was a question now of whether I and my ten raiders could subdue the garrison. What's more, we would have to do this and get out of the fortress before more British Territorials arrived. The burning question was whether the man who had doused the lights had also sent out an alarm.

Sirens screamed the answer to that question as reinforcements rode up to the barracks walls. Electric bullhorns blared commands, and floodlights quickly ringed the fort. British Territorials began to scale the walls. A firefight clattered at the gate, where I had left Finn MacDiarmada and half my men.

Sirens were shrieking like bog devils, and in a few roaring minutes we were totally surrounded. The gate clanged shut. Guns were chattering. It was up to Finn to hold that gate until we could clean up our job inside.

Sergeants Ferguson and Todhunter had orders to proceed with loading the truck while the rest of us tried to handle the arsenal guards. Our tactics were to fight clear of clinches and keep striking with knucks and slapping with pistols. To reduce the chances of error, we had two short passwords, challenge and reply. You whispered *Brian!* and swung your brassbound fist at the form in front of you, and the only thing that could stop your fist was the hurriedly answered *Clontarf!* which was the place where Brian Boru crushed the Danish invaders. By the time any Limey guard thought up an answer like *Clontarf!* he would be several degrees below a coma.

I dropped a tommy in a quick exchange of bare knucks with brass, that must have surprised the poor fellow in the instant before he went to sleep. The next chap stuck a knife in my middle in a swift upthrust, but I felt no pain. Only the shock of impact. It was nothing compared to the shock of impact that tommy felt when I lowered my gun on top of his head and then brought my brassy right up under his jaw like a nutcracker.

I knew I was stuck, all right, perhaps badly, for my clothes were already soggy with blood, but the wound did not hurt much—only a slight ache at first—and as long as I could not do anything about it anyway without light, I kept on hunting tommies in the gray gloom. I accounted for two more.

I then left Ferguson and Todhunter to finish loading the truck, and I headed for the open yard, where some kind of firefight was under way. I could see a little better out here. Judging from the rattle and roar of gunfire from outside the fort, I estimated about 50 Territorials were already out there, perhaps more, mingling with our own men, dressed as Territorials, and trying to foul things up. They had managed to scale the walls, where some of them were firing down into the yard, making it extremely hazardous to cross. My next job was placing demolition

DOUBLE LENGTH BONUS

**"YOU FIGHT YOUR WAR—
I'LL FIGHT MINE!"**

charges of dynamite. I worked fast. I saw two of my men stagger out of the gloom, each carrying an unconscious tommy sergeant which they dumped at my feet.

"All right, dress them in civvies, and hurry!" I said.

I began to hope now. If Finn could hold the gate a few more minutes! The dull ache in my wound grew sharper. Figures dimly silhouetted against the night sky along the rim of the roofs were still firing carelessly into the yard at shadows, so I snapped off a few slugs just to keep their heads low, never expecting to hit one. He came down like a screaming mimi and bounced with a sickening thump. High-velocity bullets whined, and a rattle of steel slugs chipped angrily at the wall behind me. Then I fused the demo charges.

Inside the arsenal, someone who sounded like Conn yelled, "*Ready, let's go!*" meaning the gun and ammo cases had been loaded into the truck, and after them the unconscious tommies, now looking like dead civilians, and stacked up so as to conceal the gun cases.

"Then take the wheel, Conn!" I shouted back. It was he, all right, and I felt relieved that I wouldn't have to explain his death to Moira.

"Blow a long blast on the horn," I ordered. He did so. "Now let's go. Stop at the gate, and wait for my command. Then go like a bird, Conn, like a ruptured bird!"

At the sound of the long horn blast, my men at the gate were to throw the mechanism opening it, then dash back to the truck. The headlights beamed powerfully through the rising gate, and the firing from the British outside died away.

We drove directly into the floodlights and stopped. British soldiers and officers were all around us, shouting cries of wonder at seeing the big truck in command of men wearing the Territorials' own uniform—and what's more, a bunch of captured civilians stacked up in the back, IRA raiders, no doubt, from the look of them.



I waited in the cab of the truck while a captain of Territorials elbowed his way through the crowding tommies. He shouted, "How the devil did you get in there when we couldn't blast our way past the gate?"

"We arrived somewhat earlier than you, Captain," I yelled down to him. "At just about at the same time as these IRA rebels or Sinn Feiners or whatever they are that's near dead as mackerel in the back of my truck now."

"Your men look a bit cut up," the British captain said. "Knives, I should hazard. Dirty Mick tactics. Hanging's good for the cutthroats!"

"Then if you'll order your men to stand aside," I said, "I'd like to carry my prisoners to Brookeborough and the Royal Constabulary. And my men to the hospital." And to Conn I whispered urgently, "*Now, boy! Like a ruptured bird!*"

The big truck roared, and tommies scattered like quail in front of a hungry fox, while their captain just stood and stared in total confusion. We growled down the highway towards Brookeborough Village, but around the first bend Conn turned off the highway and headed up a side road. This was not part of my plan.

I yelled, "*Where you think you're going? Get back on the highway!*"

Conn said nothing, he ducked his head and rammed the gas pedal to the floorboard.

I didn't argue. I just slid hard across the seat, jamming him up against the door, then I slammed my foot down on the brake and spun the wheel. The truck nearly flipped, but instead it nosed into the roadside ditch and stopped.

"*Get out, and give me the wheel!*" I ordered.

Conn whirled on me, swinging his left. I caught it and twisted his arm, and as I did I saw the other side of his face—a mass of blood where an eye had been gouged out. It was a terrible wound, and I thought it had thrown him off his rocker. But that wasn't the trouble.

My door flew open then, and in barged Finn MacDiarmada, clawing at me and trying to drag me out of the cab of the truck.

"*You've all gone nuts!*" I howled, putting one foot against Finn's big face and pushing hard. He roared like a slaughterhouse steer.

"*No, they haven't!*" a voice called from the darkness. "*Get down from the cab, and let these men go on about their work!*" the voice went on.

I recognized Major Swann, the liaison officer, who shouldn't have been there at all. I didn't bother to wonder where he came from, just got down like he said, because I figured he probably had a gun pointed at me from the dark shadows outside.

I got down and ran around to the back of the truck and saw my men unloading the still forms of the unconscious tommies. Major Swann was standing by a Land Rover jeep, dressed as a British officer. In the jeep was my partner Willy Portnoy.

I just stood and stared through the gloom. Loss of blood from my knife wound had weakened me, so I thought at first I was seeing a hallucination.

"Come on, Barney," he said, "the show's just starting!"

"What show?" I demanded.

"Brookeborough Castle, next stop!" Willy said. "Man, what a ball!"

"You're crazy!" I shouted. "There'll be men killed! We'll never get these gun cases and all this ammo out of here . . . Think of all the money we *won't* make!" I stepped over to the Land Rover, hoping to jump the Major, or at least take a poke at him.

"Major Swann says it'll be okay, Barney," my partner

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said. "He says we can pull it off . . ." So this hot-shot liaison officer had sold my buddy a bill of goods, hoping to influence me!

"Major Swann can stick it . . ." I started to say, but then the black sky flashed white and a sudden shock of sound like a giant cannon pounded the air. A blast of wind followed, kicking up a dust cloud. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face. My demolition charges of dynamite had done a good job on Brookeborough Barracks.

I reached out, groping for the Land Rover. I found it and grabbed Willy by the arm, dragging him along with me in the general direction of the lorry. He was hollering something or other. We ran into the side of the lorry, and I found the door of the cab.

I threw Willy inside, and in ten seconds I had the motor roaring and the rear wheels spinning like tops. The air was still full of dust from the blast of my demo charges. And Maslin's *Ex-Raiders* were shrieking like lost souls as we left them behind in the dust cloud. They could either go on their raid in Major Swann's Land Rover, or use it to head for our rendezvous by Lake Erne. I didn't give a damn any more what they did.

Willy and I dug out of there like a turpentine cat, and we broadsided onto the highway, this time heading straight for Lake Erne. The highway was full of military vehicles, all heading towards Brookeborough Barracks and the big explosion.

At Lake Erne we made our rendezvous, and IRA smugglers ferried us and our load of guns and ammo across to free Ireland and safety. We bandaged my knife wound on the way. It wasn't serious, but even so I didn't

think Willy should have sneered at it like it was a nail scratch.

The newspapers next day made a big thing of that night, playing up the attack on Brookeborough Castle. That's right, those crazy jokers went right ahead with their plan, riding the Land Rover jeep up to the castle and getting into a fire fight with Royal Constabulary all over the place.

They didn't manage to assassinate the Prime Minister, either, on account of His Excellency had a guard force the size of a battalion. But Conn had made it back.

I delivered my guns and ammunition to GHQ, and General O'Herlihy paid off promptly—\$6,000 for my six weeks' work, \$50 each for the guns (50 cases at six to a case), and \$50 cash for each of 50 boxes of ammo. That adds up to some very profitable piracy in any man's currency.

I ran into Major Swann at GHQ as Willy and I were collecting, and I took the opportunity of reminding him: "You fight your war, I'll fight mine!" He didn't crack a smile. You ask me, he wasn't an Irishman, probably some kind of imported terrorist. The IRA sure has some strange bedfellows.

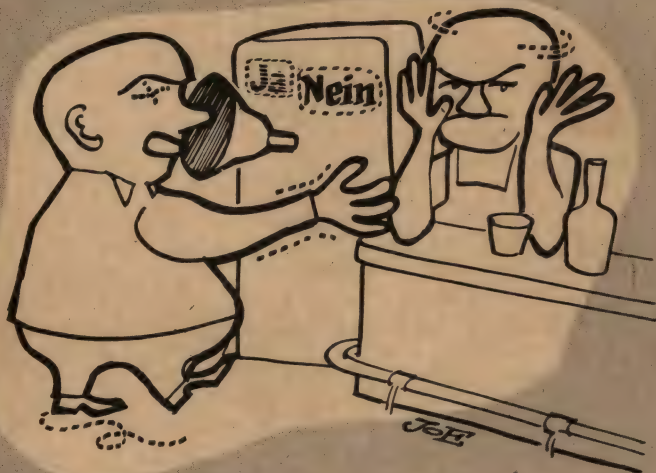
Willy and I flew up to Belfast and finished the job he was supposed to do in the first place. We hired some heavy equipment and ran it down to Brookeborough Village, where we salvaged all the structural steel from the dynamited barracks. We bought it for shillings and sold it for pounds, as the saying goes over there, and once again the firm of O'Herlihy, Ballynny, and O'Tuomy paid off promptly and in cash.

And Willy had got his vacation. **END**

bling on one of those SUPERMARKET PREMIUM STAMP DEALS. If you have--Item One: You're not getting somethin' for nothin'. Prices have to be jacked up, a penny here, another there. Two, several state and/or federal investigations are in the making that may end up limiting the amount of loot you get from some, or even halting the practice entirely....Wanna' pick up the straight pitch on THE THRIVING RENTAL BUSINESS--tools, home hospital equipment, cars, etc.--write to the American Associated Rental Operators, 1921 Fifth Avenue, Moline, Ill., for full information....

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the first of the year--a machine that advises customers whether or not they're safe in guzzling that last one for the road...Want to tamp down an asphalt

patch job in a hurry? Heap patching black top about an inch over the hole and then roll the wheel of your car back and forth over it a couple of times... Get rid of that old dead sinker when bait fishing. Fish can't help but be attracted to a new "Chumm Sinkers" that, when loaded with salmon, sardine, dog or cat food, draws them to your bait like a magnet. Primed with cod liver oil, it spreads a slick that advertises the presence of your bait for yards and yards...

Catchall

...Don't let those "Not Responsible for Injuries" signs you see around public places intimidate you if you have an accident. If the owner of an establishment is at fault (loose floorboards, etc.), no matter how many signs he tacks up, you've still got a case... You know you can tell a man's character by the kind of tie he wears? Psychologists say that a white or pale tie means the wearer's a wolf; a printed silk, he's a tightwad; brocade tie with a small pattern, a coward; and a bow tie, the kind of unconventional joker who'll probably do anything...According to most doctors who will talk for publication, more than 90% of the legal abortions in this country are anything but within the letter of the law...If you work for a large company, check air



vents and cabinets in the men's room for hidden microphones. Experts claim that the majority of big firms in the U.S. bug the joint to hear what workers think of their bosses. Some outfits even plant them in the ladies' room--and the things they overhear!...U.S. cops are really concerned about plastic bag suffocations. Seems there's no way to tell for sure when victim has committed suicide, met with a self-administered accident or has been deliberately done in by someone else...

BEAST THE WORLD WANTS TO KILL

(Continued from page 45)

There was no answering fire from the other car. He smiled and walked over to the car's right rear door, curious to see who had been after him, but holding his gun ready just in case . . .

Gunfire exploded in his face. Through the thunder and stabbing flame of the shot, he felt a searing cut along his neck at the shoulder, as if a knife had slashed him there. He dropped to the ground and scurried behind the car like a big fat crab, scuttling with remarkable speed and agility. Now out of the line of fire from that car window, he got to his feet and ran into the darkness of the *medina*, where streets suddenly end in blank walls and there are strange and secret ways across the rooftops . . .

The man in the Homburg hat couldn't follow him there. Many times in the past it had been like this—to have the Grand Mufti in one's hands, and then to lose him! For 20 years now the European powers had been forced to make deals with this man whom they would all have gladly killed without a qualm. And once he had forced the British to *help* him escape, after they themselves had arrested him for inciting riots against the Jews in Palestine. He had the power to call an Arab revolt, and they knew it. Later he did so anyway. When World War II struck North Africa and the Middle East, the German strategy in that part of the world depended upon this man's famed Arab Legion, which had once been able to bully the British Empire. He was Hitler's greatest ally in the Arab world, and the *Fuehrer* made him an "honorary Aryan!" To return the compliment, the Grand Mufti declared Hitler to be a direct descendant of Mohammed, who was of course a Semite, being an Arab. He was heard in privy councils at Berchtesgaden, where he was influential in changing Nazi policy towards the Jews from simple exile or imprisonment to total extermination in the death camps. At war's end he was captured, but once again he forced his captors to make a deal and help him escape!

And today he is still at work, the true power behind the thrones of the Arab world's many dictators . . .

The Grand Mufti was born Haj Amin al Hussani in the oasis of Khurd-al-Wadi Jebel, in Asia Minor across the Bosphorus from Istanbul, on August 9, 1893. His father was the *qadi*, or local religious judge. Haj Amin was educated only in the Koran, like most sons of the desert.

There was a tiny ghetto in the oasis, or rather to one side of it, and here lived a few Jewish families, semi-nomadic like their Arab cousins of Khurd-al-Wadi Jebel. One of these Jews was a pretty girl named Sharon. Her father was the rabbi. Not all the details of what happened between Sharon and young Haj Amin are known, but they can be guessed at, for it is from this time that Haj Amin's bitterness against the Jews began. Perhaps Sharon rejected him, or perhaps it was her father, which is more likely. But Haj Amin, for whatever reason, was rejected—and by a Jew! It takes little to make an Arab hate a Jew, first a single Jew, then all Jews, and Haj Amin was a passionate youth. In fact, a poet. Had he been just one of the boys around the oasis, he might not have felt it so keenly and deeply. But

hell hath no fury like a poet scorned . . .

As a religious student, Haj Amin could have avoided serving his time in the Turkish army, but his father sent him anyway. World War I caught him before his tour of duty was over. He soldiered well and was discharged a sergeant.

A world-wide depression after World War I made life hard for the lower classes. Jobs were few and poorly paid. Hunger stalked the world, and revolutions burst from the underground like gigantic mushrooms . . . Haj Amin was in Istanbul when he heard his first rabble rouser raving on a street corner that the Jews were to blame for all their woes, they had all the money, they started the war, etc. . . . In his ignorance and anger, embittered young Haj Amin seized the fanatic's insane explanation of human misery—and his fierce Arab hatred of the Jews, long sleeping deep within him, now awoke raging . . . Haj Amin fell in with and soon became the leader of a gang of young Moslems who were dedicated haters of the Jew, and at night he led them into ghettos, where they beat up and robbed anyone they found on the street, wrecked shops, invaded homes, raped young Jewesses at gunpoint.

Haj Amin did well at this, and by 1920 the British government of Palestine took notice of his work. He was 27 that year, when they sentenced him to a 10-year prison term as chief instigator of anti-Jewish riots in Jerusalem. But Haj Amin was not unprepared. He was ready with a bit of blackmail that shook the foundations of No. 10 Downing Street, and therefore the British grip on the Middle East and the rest of the Arab world.

"I demand to see the Commissioner!" said Haj Amin as soon as he was arrested. His captors were British counterespies, thoroughly familiar with the man they had chased for weeks and finally taken only at gunpoint after a rooftop battle in which three British agents were shot and killed. Knowing their man, they did not hesitate. They took Haj Amin directly to the home of Sir Herbert Small. The old man was asleep when his butler let them in. It was four a.m., December 20, 1920, a chilly night in the Holy Land.

"Hello, Haj Amin!" said Sir Herbert as he came down the stairs to his study.

"Tell these fools to turn me loose, Sir Herbert!" demanded Haj Amin.

"Sorry, my boy," Sir Herbert said. "Not this time!"

"What do you want then?" Haj Amin snapped. "Riots in Jerusalem on your Christian holy day?" He twisted at the manacles on his wrists.

"You may remove his handcuffs, gentlemen," said Sir Herbert. "No Haj Amin," he went on as they unlocked the bracelets, "there won't be riots on Christmas, because you'll be locked away, completely incommunicado!"

"By what right?" Haj Amin cried. "This is illegal, and you know it. I can have you brought up on charges before the League of Nations!"

"Please do so, by all means, my dear boy," said Sir Herbert, "after Christmas of course . . ." Turning to the agents, he said, "Take him to the special ward at the hospital, gentlemen. It will give me great pleasure to commend you to your superiors for a job well done! Good night!"

But the next day there were riots. Arab mobs invaded Jewish quarters and left bloody chaos in their wake, broken bodies, maimed, killed, raped . . . It was the same on December 22nd. And the 23rd. On the 24th, Sir Herbert sent for Haj Amin.

"Very well," said the Commissioner, "you may go now."

Haj Amin didn't move. They were in Sir Herbert's private office at his home. The Commissioner shuffled some papers nervously. He fumbled with his pipe and pouch.

"I go," said Haj Amin at last, "but only on certain terms."

"Get out, damn you!" Sir Herbert exploded, striking the desk with his pipe. It was a meercaum, ambered with age, and it broke. Sir Herbert looked empty at the broken pieces in his hand.

"Unless I send out the word to stop," Haj Amin said, "there will be riots on your holy day, Sir Herbert . . ." He waited while the Commissioner strode angrily to the big window overlooking Jerusalem.

"Your price?" Sir Herbert asked.

"I wish to be appointed Grand Mufti of Jerusalem."

"You know I can't do that," said Sir Herbert. "There are your own people's leaders to be consulted . . ."

"I have already consulted them, Sir Herbert. They are ready for your appointment . . ."

"I can't very well refuse in that case, can I?" Sir Herbert said bitterly.

"Let us say it would not be wise to refuse, Sir Herbert."

"Very well, then, off with you! And see that you keep your part of this agreement!"

"The agreement is not yet complete, Sir Herbert," said Haj Amin, unmoving, and smiling now. "You will make this appointment as part of a Christmas Eve declaration."

"You . . .!"

"Good night, Sir Herbert," said Haj Amin, and he turned and left the room, still smiling as he listened to the High Commissioner's spluttering rage.

Later during the coming year, he similarly blackmailed the British governing power into appointing him head of the Supreme Moslem Council, thereby giving him power to appoint local *muftis* and *qadis*—as well as control the funds of *Waqf*, a corporation of charitable and religious foundations. By now Haj Amin's power was enormous. He was not yet 30.

He spent the next 10 years consolidating his power, eliminating rivals and opponents by means of the poisoned cup or the strangling cord. When a desert sheik visited the Grand Mufti he had one infallible way of knowing how he stood with his leader. After the presentation of gifts, during which time the sheik kneeled with his forehead touching the floor before the Grand Mufti's feet, the sheik would be rewarded with a tray of sweetmeats, a cup of mint tea, and a *narghileh* primed with hasheesh. If the sheik was not poisoned by any of these delicacies, he knew he was in the Grand Mufti's favor. And he did his best to stay that way. Thus Haj Amin, in the traditional way of the Arab, formed his political organization—a loose one because it was built on terror within, but a dangerous one because of its terrible hatreds: against the Jews, the British, and all Western nations . . .

There were riots off and on, of course, for Arabs cannot resist storming a ghetto. But during these 10 years the pogroms were small, and not until Grand Mufti Haj Amin called the Pan-Islamic Congress in Jerusalem did the Jews really feel the mighty hand of Islam and its sharp scimitars.

Haj Amin had been to Munich. In Hitler he found a spiritual brother, and together they talked of long-range strategy. These two supermen agreed that just as the Aryan master race would soon spread all over Europe, so the Arabs must dominate the Middle East. The Pan-Islamic

Congress in Jerusalem was the first rallying point of Arabs everywhere. Out of it Haj Amin built his Palestine Arab Party in 1934, placing at its head his nephew, Jamal al Hussani. This party's program was in all essentials identical with the Nazi Party's, but the British still did not know what a wonderful chance they had missed 10 or 15 years before when they might have had a showdown with Haj Amin. Or killed him outright.

He set up party newspaper, called *al-Liwa* (The Banner), in which he stated his political program most clearly: "*To push the British and the Jews into the sea!*"

Now, fully forewarned, the British changed their tactics towards Haj Amin. The word went out: *Arrest the Grand Mufti!*

For the next three years, Haj Amin hid out, appearing here and there among his people to urge them on to riots against the British and pogroms against the Jews. He evaded capture a thousand times.

Meanwhile he was preparing armed rebellion, and the day of the uprising was near at hand.

In April 1936 he called for the famous Arab Revolt.

Everywhere in the Middle East, bombs crashed through embassy windows, British soldiers were knifed and gunned down at their guard posts, fires flared in ghettos, undercover agents stalked each other in the back alleys of Arab *medinas* . . . At last British agents trapped the Grand Mufti in the Mosque of al-Aqsa.

A cordon of secret operatives was thrown around the holy place, and was kept there day and night for three weeks. It took that long for special agents to get inside disguised as Moslems and find out that the Mufti had long before escaped them. How he did this has never been learned, but some say there are underground vaults and many secret passages leading out into the city of Jerusalem.

He next appeared in Syria, where he organized the *Four of the Golden Square*, a tight little conspiracy that was to swing the Arab Revolt in neighboring Iraq. His generals were Salah-ad-Din as Sabbagh, commander of the Iraqi Western Army; Kamil Shabib, commander of the First Division; Fahmi Sa'ud, commander of the Mechanized Forces; and Mahmud Salman, chief of the Air Force.

All this, despite the fact that Haj Amin was being paid \$4,000 a year as an agent of the Iraqi Secret Service! And here he showed how ruthless he could be as a double agent. The chief of the Iraqi security forces was at that time a Turk named Sheddret Mahmoud Kizilkayas, and he summoned, or rather invited his colleague to a conference.

The conference consisted of a small banquet, replete with fine imported foods, the purest hasheesh, dancing girls, and for a parting gift, \$72,000 in U.S. currency. The Grand Mufti accepted the gift with elaborate Arabic phrases of gratitude: "Second only to my love of Allah and His Prophet is my brotherly regard for you . . ." and similar customary expressions. But after the Grand Mufti left, his host was heard to remark, "They should have let me shoot him!"

The following day the *Four of the Golden Square* rolled out their tanks and cannon, while the Grand Mufti counted his banknotes to a teller in a German bank in Bayreuth, Bavaria.

When World War II broke out, Haj Amin was ready. He worked mostly out of Cairo, the hub of British power in the Middle East, where he was constantly making deals with agents of both the

Axis and the Allies. The former were of course underground agents, while the latter were in some cases British agents who had been forced to deal with the Grand Mufti off and on for more than a decade.

What he had to sell was worth more than money to the Germans and the British. He controlled the Arab Legion, which had been making itself felt steadily for several years now. With the Legion he could harass the British everywhere in the Middle East while the Germans mounted a great offensive to drive the British out of Africa and the Levant. With the support of the Arab Legion, this might be done. Without that support, the odds were much longer against success. Thus the German General Staff and its general in the field, Marshal Erwin Rommel, planned their strategy with the Grand Mufti in their minds — their interests were the same: to drive the British and the Jews out of the Arab world.

The British now feared to arrest him. This would surely move the Arab Legion to open warfare against British garrisons everywhere. And Rommel could swoop in for the kill. Agents of all the Allied powers tried every imaginable means of winning the Grand Mufti's support. Wild promises of kingdoms were made, money gifts in five and six figures were handed to him in cash, every conceivable compromise was mentioned and every time the Grand Mufti smiled and nodded yes. He promised. He swore holy oaths. He even gave signatures.

To the British he promised he would withhold the Legion. To the Germans he promised to attack the British everywhere when Rommel gave the command.

No man but Haj Amin knew what he would do at the eleventh hour, when Rommel mounted his great offensive. If he ordered the Legion to attack, a dozen agents from as many countries were under standing orders to kill him as soon as the fact of an Arab Legion revolt was definitely established. And if he did not attack with his Legion, the Germans were sure to try and kill him. But of course many have tried in these past 30 years, and others are still trying. . . .

During the latter days of the Battle of El Alamein, the Grand Mufti stayed at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo. Like everyone else, he did little but listen to news reports.

On November 1st, news announcers spoke of a clash between the *Afrika Korps* and the 8th Army in the desert. After months of parrying and feinting, at last the final assaults and counterassaults, the straining of gigantic armored forces, the death grip . . . Rommel's expected help from the Arab Legion did not come! The Legion remained in its garrisons, unmoving, its commanders everywhere refusing to give the command to attack. *A third force had risen!* Palestine's 600,000 militant Jews had raised an army of 100,000 angry Jewish men! And their leaders had sent out the word: *Wherever the Arab Legion stirs, there will we strike!*

On the night of November 2nd, a small crowd in Shepherd's lobby stood around the radio loudspeaker, listening to the latest reports from El Alamein. From the landing above the lobby, a portly Arab in an American-cut business suit of white linen came down the stairs. He wore a gold-tasseled red fez, very dark sunglasses, and a carefully trimmed and waxed moustache. His face was fat and shiny with sweat.

He paused for a moment at the edge of the crowd and listened to the radio announcer.

From a high-backed leather armchair

in a corner of the lobby by the desk, a man wearing a Homburg hat watched the fat man in the red fez. Tossing aside his newspaper and picking up his dispatch case, the man in the Homburg got out of his easy chair and stepped over to the man in the fez.

"Hello, Haj Amin," he said.

The fat man seemed not to hear at first. Then he whispered, "Listen to the news!" He did not turn to face the man in the Homburg, as if he knew who it was already. He was listening to the voice of history.

The radio announcer was reporting the end of the Battle of El Alamein. It was an Istanbul station, and the voice was flat, nasal, very Turko-French as it pronounced the thundering phrases of defeat . . . enormous destruction . . . total rout . . . uncountable thousands of dead and dying . . . all German forces bogged down in the sand or fleeing like a mob . . . Rommel now flying out of the battle area . . . the eleventh-hour failure of the Arab Legion to support Rommel's last counter-assault . . . the rising of Palestine's third force of 100,000 Jews to checkmate Nazi high strategy . . . "*Germany has from this hour lost the war in North Africa!*"

The man in the Homburg was standing slightly to the left and behind Haj Amin when he said, "All right, let's go!"

"You can't take me here!" said Haj Amin.

"I think I can!" said the man in the Homburg. But feeling a sharp prod in the back, he added, "At least, I thought so. I stand corrected, Haj Amin. I shall have to take you outside."

"We're not going out together, you and I," said Haj Amin, turning now to face the man. "Whom do you represent, if I may ask?"

"I represent many persons who want you dead, Haj Amin," said the man. "Do you ask who fires the shot that kills you? It is the Will of Allah, is it not?"

"But it is not the Will of Allah that *you* fire that shot, my friend," Haj Amin said. "This lobby is full of my men, and all are under orders to shoot down any man who molests me."

"I did not come here alone, Haj Amin," said the man.

"Men are not enough," said Haj Amin, "you also need the will. Are you willing to shoot it out with us here in this lobby full of Christians? No, you are not! But we are! . . . Good night, *effendi! Aleikhum salaam!*"

Haj Amin al Hussani strode out of the lobby into the street, still free, still the Grand Mufti even in defeat! As he left, several men in the lobby followed him, while others walked over to the man in the Homburg with questioning looks. The man in the Homburg went to a telephone, and when he got his number, he said, "I lost him. Sorry. My fault entirely. He simply outguessed me. But I'll get after him right away. I've an idea he's headed for the airport."

He was wrong about Haj Amin. The Grand Mufti was at this moment urging his taxi driver to greater speed as they careened through poorly lighted and densely crowded streets towards the *medina*, the Arab quarter: "*Bissama Allah!* You filthy spawn of the gutter, will you prod this donkey faster, or do I slit your throat?" Stopping before a tiled mansion of many balconies and heavily wrought iron-barred windows, Haj Amin flung some paper money at the cowed but snarling driver, and hurried up the steps to the mansion. He pressed two brass studs in the big oaken door and waited. In a moment, it swung open, and he disappeared

inside. Lights blazed throughout the house.

When he came out again, he was followed by a dozen men in the burnouses and flowing robes of desert Arabs, the national costume of the Arab world. At this same moment everywhere in Cairo's *medina* and in the Arab quarters of every town and city from Tangier to Mecca, thousands of men in burnouses and desert robes poured out of whitewashed Arab houses into the alleys and down the streets towards the ghettos. Under their long flowing robes they carried knives, rifles, pistols, scimitars, sub-machine guns, grenades . . .

The throats of hell were loud that night in the ghettos of Islam. Arabs revenged themselves upon all Jews, men and women and children, for the shameful impotence which a civilian army of 100,000 Jews had forced upon the proud Arab Legion. For this, children were strangled and men were tortured or killed outright, and women raped before they were disembowelled. Many seats in Paradise were won that night.

In a certain house in the Cairo ghetto, while burnoused and white-robed men stood watch at all the doors and windows, others stood silently around the walls, watching a fat Arab in a dirty linen business suit face a half-nude girl. She was strung up to a roof beam by her wrists. Her body was covered with whip strokes, long red welts across the soft brown flesh.

As the fat man drew from his jacket a small vial and removed its stopper, he stepped close to the girl and whispered to her in a dialect of the desert. She spat in his face, and as the spit ran down his cheek he stepped back again, throwing the contents of the vial into the young woman's face. The acid smoked and hissed when it struck her flesh. She screamed. It ran down over her naked body and she screamed again and again.

The white-robed men around the room

stared unbelievably at the fat man. A few strokes of the whip, and then this! In the old days their Grand Mufti would have availed himself of this tasty Jewish wench before slitting her throat, but now he did nothing! A flask of acid! It was less than manly . . .

British military police stormed into the ghetto then, sirens howling, bullhorns roaring commands, powerful searchlights sweeping the alleys and dark places, seeking Arabs out, searching them for arms, herding them out of the ghetto . . . Or helping wounded Jews toward the first-aid stations. Wearing the skullcap of a religious Jew, now dead, and with a strip from the dead man's bloody shirt wrapped around his left hand, in which he concealed a small-caliber gun, the Grand Mufti escaped the cordon of British military police that night. He even got away from the man in the Homburg hat . . .

With the failure of the African campaign, Haj Amin was summoned to Berlin and the HQ of *Abwehr*, the Reich's dreaded counterintelligence corps. Officers of the *Abwehr* demanded an explanation for his failure to deliver the Arab Legion in support of Rommel's offensive at El Alamein.

"It was the Jews!" the Grand Mufti said in his own defense. "The cursed Jews raised an army of 100,000! My commanders dared not move! They would have been destroyed!"

"As it was," said Col. Von Ragnarsdorf, "our *Afrika Korps* was destroyed!"

"It was the Jews!" Haj Amin repeated.

"It's always the Jews," smiled Von Ragnarsdorf. "What would fools do without the Jews to blame for their mistakes?"

"Take me to the *Fuehrer*!" demanded Haj Amin. "I am responsible only to him."

If Von Ragnarsdorf had killed him then, their conversation would not have been reported to Hitler, and Von Rag-

narsdorf might have lived. Instead, he took the Mufti to Berchtesgaden, and there turned him over to the *Fuehrer's* elite guards.

Hitler is said to have tested Haj Amin personally with a choice:

"There is a town called Bratislava, my dear Mufti. Have you heard of it?"

"No, my *Fuehrer*."

"It has a large ghetto, and I am considering the total liquidation of that ghetto as a warning to the rest of Jewry . . . Do you understand, *mein Freund*?"

"Yes, my *Fuehrer*!"

"I leave the choice to you: Does the Bratislava ghetto live or die?"

"Kill them all!" Haj Amin said with fervor.

The *Fuehrer* smiled and said, "I have already done so."

They understood one another. Hitler was disappointed in the turn of events in Africa, but he still had some use for the Grand Mufti in his other plans, and the Mufti still had some use for the *Fuehrer*.

From this time, Haj Amin's Number One contact was Carl Eichmann, a fanatical anti-Semite who was persuaded to work closely with Haj Amin, a Semite himself, only after the Grand Mufti had been purified and decontaminated by being declared an "honorary Aryan." But they worked well together.

It is said that Haj Amin was responsible for the Nazi death camps. This is half true. In the Nazi Party there were three factions with three policies towards the Jews: One group was for imprisoning them in ghettos, one for exiling all Jews, and the other for extermination of the race. Haj Amin and his collaborator Carl Eichmann fought for extermination and were strongly influential in turning Nazi policy in this direction, especially after those 100,000 Jews in Palestine had checkmated Rommel by immobilizing the Arab Legion. On record now and established at the War Crimes Trials in Nuremberg is the fact of the Grand Mufti's visit to Auschwitz concentration camp in company with Carl Eichmann. And Dieter Von Wislisceny, a war criminal who testified at Nuremberg, stated that the Mufti's efforts in behalf of killing all Jews were strong and unbending, and he was constantly writing to Von Ribbentrop and others, urging faster and wider extermination. The Mufti labeled this program of mass execution "a comfortable solution to the Jewish problem!"

During the latter years of the war, the Germans tried everything to strengthen their weakening forces. Among their strange tactics was a plan to turn the Circassian tribes of the Caucasus against the Russians. In what was known as *Operation Mohammed*, the Mufti sent a para-drop of five German agents and a Moslem priest behind Russian lines near Groszny. The mission was to cut lines of communication and supply and to convert the Moslem mountain tribes to the German and Arab cause.

Haj Amin should have known better. But perhaps he was desperate to impress his German supporters after the terrible fiasco of his Arab Legion's failure to move for fear of the Jews. The Circassian hill people of the mountainous Caucasus country in southern Russia have always been proudly independent and fiercely free. Tartars, Cossacks, and Turks have raided the Caucasus thousands of times over the centuries, mainly to carry away the fabulously lovely Circassian girls, who have always been highly prized in the harems of the East. This has led the Circassians to be extremely wary of strangers, especially foreigners who do not bring



"Fine, then it's settled . . . you'll stay for one drink!"

along their own women! The five German agents and the Moslem priest were taken prisoner as soon as they reached the first hill tribe. Aside from pretty women, the Circassians are also famous for their diabolical torture techniques, and they are known to have kept victims alive and suffering for weeks before allowing them to die. How they disposed of the six agents in charge of *Operation Mohammed* is not known in detail, except for one thing: the prisoners were carried about in cages like wild and savage beasts until all the tribes had seen them and had a chance to torment them.

At war's end in 1945, the Mufti was captured by U.S. troops, who were ordered to hand him over to the French. They took good care of him, installing him in a villa outside Paris for the rest of 1945. But he got away again...

The Yugoslav delegation to the United Nations tried to press charges against the Mufti at Nuremberg, and here occurred one of the strangest of his many fantastic

escapes. From Paris he was flown in an Allied airplane—either British or U.S.—to Cairo, where King Farouk installed him at the royal palace as his personal guest. All witnesses have agreed that the insignia of the plane that carried the Mufti to Cairo was Allied, but some say British and others say U.S. None say French, which may be because all the witnesses to this detail are French.

Since the war, Haj Amin al Hussani has been busier than ever, making deals with Nasser against the oil-rich Arab kingdoms, with Communist groups in Iraq against Premier Kassim, and so on.

The Grand Mufti's death warrant has been signed by virtually every counter-intelligence chief in Western Europe—and a few in the Middle East. Haj Amin at 67 is a man marked for liquidation.

Somewhere, somehow, some night as he sleeps the light sleep of the hasheesh smoker, or at the banquet table of a friend, the assassin's bullet will explode in Haj Amin's brain, or the killer's knife

will slide between his ribs, reaching for his heart...

Wherever he goes, men wait for their chance. The price on his head is said to be hundreds of thousands of dollars, some say millions. He is seldom seen without a crowd of burnoused and white-robed Arab guards, all armed with daggers at their waists and guns under their robes. Men walk before him in the street, eyeing all innocent bystanders. Tasters try his food.

And the mere sight of a man in a Homburg hat is enough to make the Grand Mufti sweat under his red fez and call for his bodyguards. He has never known the identity of that man in the Homburg hat, and he knows it doesn't matter. The man may carry a French automatic, or a British Webley, or an American Colt .45... Whatever the bullet's nationality, it will kill Haj Amin just as dead. And it wouldn't matter much who did the job. Unless, of course, the man in the Homburg hat should be—a Jew! **END**

THE INCREDIBLE PETRIFIED MAN

(Continued from page 39)

To help the artist, Hull himself agreed to pose, and through sweltering August days and nights, he lay naked on a rug in the studio, irritably slapping at mosquitoes, while Burkhardt and two assistants hacked away at the rock. With the feet drawn up, because of the shortened block, the carvers managed to get a 12-foot likeness out of the 10 foot block. When the carving was over, Hull joined the other three in going over the whole thing with water-soaked sponges and sand, giving it a weathered and worn look, and deeply grooving the backside as if water had flowed for centuries there, eroding the stone. Then Burkhardt went over every inch of the surface carefully with a metal hammer faced with lead needle-points, creating a pore-like pattern. When that was finished, the quartet doused the whole thing with ink to give it an old and grimy look. But even then, Hull wasn't satisfied, and to make the statue look even more ancient, they washed it down with sulphuric acid.

By the end of September, the statue was finished. Crude, but anatomically correct in every detail, it lay on a stand in the barn, with only one detail missing.

"What it needs," said Hull, "is hair."

Burkhardt shook his head. "Not a chance," he said. "You couldn't make it convincing unless you put in each hair separately, and even then in that stone it would be obviously fake." Reluctantly, Hull agreed to leave the likeness bald, and ordered it crated up in sawdust for the trip East. He labeled the huge, metal-strapped box, "machinery," and dispatched it to Union, N.Y., near Binghamton via Detroit and Syracuse. Then he set out to find a place to bury it. The search didn't take long. The New York City papers were full of a recent discovery of fossil bones near Syracuse. That rang a bell with Hull—his brother-in-law, William C. Newell, "Stub" to his friends, had a farm at Cardiff, not too far from Syracuse. He paid Stub a visit, offered him a one-fourth share of any money that might be made from the "discovery" of the figure, and closed the deal.

The crated figure arrived in Union on October 12, 1868. On November 4th, Hull sent it to Cardiff by four-horse team, under the supervision of his nephew, Tracy Hull, and a friend, Alfred Amesbury. The trip took five days, through the towns of Marathon, Homer and Tully to Cardiff. As he stopped overnight with his load at roadside inns, Tracy Hull occasionally had to explain the huge crate that needed such a team to pull it—obviously a heavy load. "Tobacco press parts," he told some. And, to others, he said, "A soldiers' monument. Taking it to Syracuse."

The load was heavy indeed. Though the bulk of the three and a half-ton block had been carved away, the statue still weighed 2,990 pounds, plus the weight of the crate and sawdust. In spite of nightly rests for his horses, Tracy had to change teams twice.

If anyone didn't believe Tracy's story—and that included nearly everyone—he and Amesbury had a ready explanation for their secretiveness. "Contraband tobacco," they told the suspicious townspeople with a wink. Anyone who could outsmart the tax collectors had the sympathy of the rural upstaters.

The night of October 9th was rainfilled and stormy. The wagon almost bogged down pulling into Stub Newell's place, but they finally got the statue off and hidden under a pile of chaff from the threshing. As far as Tracy Hull could tell, nobody had seen him turn off the turnpike onto the road to Newell's farm, and nobody had passed while the unloading was going on. Three nights later, by carefully shielded lantern light, the statue was buried in the marshy ground behind the barn, where Stub Newell had often said that he really ought to dig a well for his stock. The ground was seeded to clover, and George Hull went home to his tobacco business in Binghamton, to let things quiet down a little. So far, he'd spent \$2,200.

During the snows of winter and the business of spring planting and summer field work, everyone forgot about the mysterious wagon with its heavy load of the previous fall. The new year was 10 months gone when George Hull decided the time had come to "find" the statue. He sent a note to Stub Newell, and in due course, the well-digging operation began.

From the start, disagreement about just what the giant figure was—fossil or statue—raged fiercely. But from the outset everybody agreed that it was a wonder indeed,

one well worth seeing. Stub Newell was the perfect picture of bewilderment about where the giant came from.

"Couldn't have been buried since I've been on this land," he said. "Or my daddy before me. We'd have known about it for sure. It must be very old."

A committee of local medical men agreed. It was, they solemnly pronounced, a petrified fossil—a giant man who had lived aeons earlier, and had been overtaken by some fatal end just where he now lay. They visited the statue on Sunday, the day after it was discovered, and their pronouncement swelled the crowds that came to see the great discovery. Within a week, special stages labeled "To and From the Cardiff Giant" were running hourly from Syracuse, at \$1 a head for the round trip. Stub Newell turned his cow shed into a restaurant to feed the people—often as many as 3,000 a day—and the Giant Saloon and Goliath House Inn opened up almost side by side down the road.

Dr. John Boynton, a scientific lecturer from Syracuse, came out that first week to look at the statue. "Not a fossil," he said. "But a very old statue." He thought it probably was the work of early Jesuit missionaries who had come into the region 200 years earlier, probably carved the statue to impress the Onondaga Indians whom they were trying to convert. He was, like the doctors before him, quoted widely in the local press, and his pronouncement drew a protest from the local ministry.

"This is not a thing contrived of man," wrote one preacher to the papers. "It is the face of one who lived on the earth, the very image and child of God." Reporters, delighted with a good story, did their best to make it better. One of them almost overdid it:

"Is it not safe to assume," he wrote, "that 99 out of 100 persons who have seen this wonder have immediately become impressed with the idea that they were in the presence of an object not made by mortal hands? No piece of sculpture ever produced the awe inspired by this blackened form."

George Hull, standing quietly in the background to hear visitors exclaim over the "sweet serenity" of the giant's face (his own) and reading the effusions of the press, was fully confirmed in his opinion about the gullibility of the public—and the clergy. Even those who didn't buy

the fossil argument believed that the admittedly crude and hasty piece was a wondrous artifact, the work of a mysterious, prehistoric sculptor. Their belief gave Hull deep satisfaction. But there was another satisfaction. Every day thousands of dollars were tinkling into the till outside the tent that Stub Newell had put up over the figure. Dr. Boynton offered \$10,000 for the statue, but was turned down. Then a syndicate of Syracuse businessmen offered \$30,000 for a three-fourths share of the property.

While Newell and his silent partner were considering this, the scientific big guns were rolling up. After three weeks, on November 3rd, Andrew D. White, the first president of Cornell, and Dr. James Hall, director of the state museum and a noted paleontologist, along with half a dozen university dignitaries, visited the statue. White was frankly skeptical of the whole thing, but Dr. Hall was less cautious. Examining the evidence of erosion on the figure's underside, he gave the opinion that it had lain there before the topsoil was deposited. Which, of course, was true—but not the way he meant it. But White began asking some embarrassing questions.

"Why a well right here?" he asked. "You've already got one, and a spring, too. And where is the fossil's hair—if it is one?"

Feeling the breath of discovery on his neck, Hull decided that this was the time to sell out to the Syracuse syndicate. He accepted their offer, but kept one-fourth interest, through Newell. And he acted none too soon. White brought in Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale, another eminent paleontologist and a medical doctor to boot. He took one look at the statue and pronounced it "of very recent origin," pointing out that while it was indeed eroded, there were still fresh tool-marks visible in hard-to-get-at places.

Now Hull's joke got even richer. The only reaction to Professor Marsh's opinion (and that of other scientists and artists), that the giant was neither a petrified man nor a good work of art, merely brought stronger protests from the believers. The crowds kept filing through the tent, solemnly looking at the giant, conversing in whispers, awed by what they saw. The statue had been modestly draped with a cloth across the middle, so that women and children swelled the take with their half-dollars, too.

But even as the syndicate hired a veteran showman to ballyhoo the statue, and made preparations to remove it for a tour, the evidence was piling up. President White somehow got a piece of the statue—in spite of Stub Newell's vigilant guards, posted to prevent just such an occurrence—and after testing it, announced it was nothing but common gypsum. The farmers who had seen the huge crate moving through to Syracuse then came forward with their testimony, and a check of the tollgate on the turnpike outside Syracuse showed the mystery load had never passed through. Backtracking the box, the debunkers found Burkhardt and got a statement from him. As word of the find reached Iowa, letters came from there telling of Hull's activities.

But the men of reason counted without local pride, and their announcements were countered with arguments like one local reporter's:

"The public is asked to throw over the sworn testimony of substantial witnesses (Stub Newell) corroborated by the highest scientific authority (the local doctors and dentists) to believe this wondrous discovery a fake. We shall never do so."

On November 30th, Newell clinched the evidence by making out a bank draft for the proceeds of the statue show and sale to Hull. The arguments waxed louder. Then, satisfied that the situation had

reached the boiling point, Hull admitted everything.

"It was all a joke," he said, "to prove that people will believe anything, no matter how fantastic, if they want to. And that they want to believe fantastic things more than anything else."

He failed to mention that it had been a very profitable joke. He personally had netted \$60,000 from the hoax. And, to his surprise, he continued to make money. For even his own exposure of the fake had little or no effect on the crowds that came to see the statue. On display in Syracuse, it made special trains on all the railroads necessary, and was being seen by more than 1,000 persons a day. What finally killed it was not the truth, but another hoax.

P. T. Barnum, the master hoaxer, hearing of the tremendous crowds the statue was drawing, came to Syracuse to see for himself. He took one look, and offered \$60,000 for a two-month lease to display it in New York. Unwisely, the syndicate turned him down. Without wasting a minute, Barnum commissioned a Syracuse sculptor to imitate the statue. That was early in December, when Hull made his confession. By December 20th, when the syndicate installed the statue in Apollo Hall at 28th Street and Broadway in New York City, they found that another, billed as "The only and original Cardiff Giant" was on show at Barnum's place—Wood's Museum and Menagerie—only a few blocks away. Disappointed at the take with such competition, the owners then sent the statue to Boston on January 11th. It went on display early in February. And the Boston Brahmins added another chapter of laughs to its history. Ralph Waldo Emerson admitted that the statue was "wondrous indeed" and beyond him. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes bored into the skull just behind the left ear and took out a sample which he solemnly pronounced to be "stratified gypsum of great age."

But the drawing power of the statue was failing. It went into storage in Boston for a while, toured New England towns in the 1870's for a short period, then went into storage again until 1901 when it was shown at the Pan-American Exhibition in Buffalo. In 1913, it sold for storage fees to a New York man who resold it a few months later for \$10,000 to a Fort Dodge, Iowa, man. In 1934 it was shown at the New York State Fair by the then owner, Des Moines publisher Gardiner Cowles Jr., and in 1935 at the Iowa State Fair. In 1939, the New York Department of Education thought enough of the statue's history to put up highway markers in the Cardiff area telling the giant's story. In 1948, the statue itself was given to the New York State historical society for display at the Farmer's Museum in Coopers-town—a museum dedicated to rural New York life, an appropriate resting place for the hoax that was given its first big boost by farmers' wondering credulity.

Hull, the hoax's creator, had a less happy history. The long, lean and lank agnostic promptly lost his profits in a shaky Binghamton business venture, and a few years afterward began the creation of another fake. Taking cues from his experience with the Cardiff Giant, but guiding himself by closer reading of Darwin, he created a fake "missing link" out of ground bone and rock, clay, eggs, plaster, and blood, baked in a kiln for two weeks. The figure was a paunchy, ape-like creation with a four-inch rudimentary tail. Pieces of real bone were strategically spotted throughout the form, so that scientists making test borings could conveniently come up with bone. Hull wanted



"You're losing interest in me, aren't you, George?"

to make sure that this one was taken for a genuine fossil.

P. T. Barnum invested \$2,000 in getting the monster buried in Colorado, where it was subsequently "discovered" by a geologist in on the secret, and announced to the world. But Hull's old nemesis, Professor Marsh of Yale, took one look and pointed

out that if it were indeed a fossil, the abdomen would have sunken after death, whereas the figure was distinctly paunchy and an obvious phony. The public, still willing to debate whether the original Cardiff Giant was real or not, was unwilling to swallow another hoax, and attempts to show the "missing link" at mu-

seums and carnival shows were a flop.

Hull, still clutching at his original success, made a deathbed statement in 1898, when he was 76, repeating the whole confession that he'd made about the Cardiff Giant in 1870, just to be sure the record was straight. Then he quietly passed away.

END

YA! YA! BEAR!

(Continued from page 35)

at 29 was a millionheiress several times over. She had everything but common sense and humility. She screamed again, louder this time.

My pipe went out and I lit it again. Vaguely, I was wondering if Jack Chisum, the bush pilot who set us down at Chitina "for a spot of atmospherics and possibly a shot at a brown bear" was really coming back. The day was Saturday, August 16, 1958. I remember it well. In Anchorage, my home town, a bedfull of blonde was waiting. In Chitina, the brown bears outnumber the population four to one, and most of the population is Eskimo, anyway. Knowing that my social life was probably going right out the bloody window, I didn't find it disturbing to listen to the brunette go berserk.

"Took it these eight days—what's another few hours in your young life, Chet Howett, boy galley slave?" I mumbled into the bourbon bottle. More important than the hullabaloo outside, Old Grandad had suddenly dropped dead. I was fresh out. For a second I couldn't figure out who got to my bourbon. Then I remembered the flushed look on Chisum's ugly puss just before he took off. "Talk about gall," I raged. "He abandons me with three maniacs and drinks up all my whiskey! That son—"

"Please, Howett!" Liz screamed. "Oh God! Somebody help me!"

I jumped up and went to the window. I had a perfect view of two dead men. Ike and Larry were stretched out at the foot of the slope below the cabin, and Liz was up a tree fighting for her life. She was on the second limb of a big cedar, kicking at a kill-crazy brownie. The only gun in camp was resting against the trunk of an apple tree 50 yards to the right of the cabin. Frantically I grabbed the first thing I could get my hands on and charged out.

"Ya! Ya! Hiyah—bear! Turn around—come and get me!"

The bear was easily 10 feet tall. One swipe of his paws could kill a horse. His head was as big as a pork barrel. Black eyes like wet coals bored through me as he stopped stretching toward Liz hanging on to the second limb. He rumbled. I knew a lot about bears. I stood there too scared to think, waiting to distract him from finishing off the brunette.

I yelled at her, "I'll try to keep him busy, Miss Wright! Climb down—get the gun!"

"B-but he'll kill me!" the brunette stammered. As she replied, the massive head turned back to her, snarling and swiping at her boot.

I tried to sound calm. Sweat was pouring down my face. My knees were trembling, but I tried to sound calm.

"Miss Wright. Climb down when the bear rushes me—get the gun. Put the front bead sight on his chest and keep pumping

him full of lead—"

An eternity later, Liz Wright squeaked, "I'll try."

The pungent aroma of my weapon assailed me—more important, it pulled the bear off the tree. He liked it too. The iron pot filled with mulligan stew was a ridiculous weapon and I knew it, standing at the head of the slope, sweating, watching the great killer flop to his fours and waddle toward me. I couldn't concentrate on Liz Wright then. I had all I could do to stand there and wait to be butchered. The shaggy brute then reared back on his bald haunches, sniffing the air and, apparently satisfied that I was no threat, slowly shambling up the rise.

Mulligan stew in an iron pot! my brain screamed. Remember Longi's trick at Adak?

"Ya! Ya! C'mon, bear—c'mon! Come and get it—"

He came. Slowly, relentlessly, the savage beast came up the muddy slope as I set the steaming cauldron on the ground and carefully took aim. He came, swaying from side to side, spittle dripping from his pink tongue, one eye cocked, nose twitching. He weighed 1,200 pounds if he weighed an ounce, and he was hungry.

The human mind is a curious mechanism. In the face of death it's actually possible to think of a thousand different things all at once. My mind wandered back 15 years to a day during World War II when Commander Franklin Longi, my boss at Adak Island in the Aleutians, got three shades to the wind on gili (torpedo alcohol and grapefruit juice in equal proportion), and decided that before the war was over and he went back to the salt mines of Miami U., teaching economics, he would get himself an Alaskan bear.

The drunker Frank Longi got, the more determined he was to kill a bear. Being the boss, he wrote himself out a pass and then got one of the fly boys to jockey him into the sluice country with a mess of gear. Ten days later, the pilot taxied in to the strip; Frank Longi emerged grinning ear to ear. He'd killed a fine specimen of Kodiak, 1,135 pounds on the hoof. The head was sent to a taxidermist in Seward, and the rest of the critter was skinned out by a local Indian. Longi used it as the rug in his office.

It wasn't the biggest bear ever taken in Alaska, but it certainly was the most peculiarly killed bear in several decades. Longi finally confessed the truth when nobody could find any bullet holes and, more important, when a local outfitter sent him a bill for \$30 worth of canned peaches.

"You guys'll never believe it," Frank chuckled, "but what the hell—here goes!" He uncorked the bottle and passed it around as we listened. "I sobered up right after the pilot left me and I was scared to death. I didn't know how long I figured on deserting the Navy; didn't know when the hell the plane was coming back, either."

"Only thing I knew was that I'd busted into some shack near a tidal sluice. Something was spattering water all over the place. I took one look—goddamned bear you ever saw. Smart, too! He parked himself in front of the shack. I figured any second he'd tear the joint apart. I wet my

pants, I was *that* scared. My gun? Outside the shack. Plain as day I could see it with the rest of my stuff, right there in broad gruesome daylight."

"Sounds like a lot of crap, boss," I told him straight out.

Longi exploded. "A lot of crap! Man, how the hell you think I ran up a thirty dollar bill for canned peaches. I kept tossing that hungry killer can after can. I'd open 'em half way. He'd charge after me. He'd stop and get his snoot full of sweet juice. Then I'd take a step and he'd take two more. I ran out of peaches before I pulled the trigger—"

"What killed the bear?"

Longi grinned slyly. "Hold your hat, sailor—*ptomaine poisoning!*"

He went through the rest of the war swearing it was true. Maybe it was. Anyway, he got one hell of a brownie out of it and for only 30 bucks. The Navy paid the rest of the nut, naturally.

Standing there at the top of the slope, I thought of a couple of other things—my own skin, and Liz Wright's. To me, the sexy brunette was nothing but trouble. From the time my boss called me in and said a visitor more important than any senator was flying in, I held my breath. And I damned near choked on it when they rolled out the red carpet and figuratively sprinkled it with rose petals. A 50 piece Air Force band, a three star general, two admirals, a couple of local big shots, and a *glee club of Eskimo kids!* M'lady was properly impressed.

Ike and Larry, photographer and secretary, respectively, fluttered around like a couple of butterflies in a field of flowers. They had a dandy time. I introduced myself. The entourage must have thought I was too crude a cut so they left me strictly alone. Madam Wright smiled down her chiseled nose and with an impatient gesture indicated that her baggage awaited. For about an hour as the celebs crowded around long legged, curvy, full bosomed Correspondent Liz she was pleasantly (where it concerned her) occupied.

I took care of my end. The cute little hostess and I swapped a few laughs aboard the special plane. During the ceremony, of course. It was practically over when I came down the steps. Liz Wright's charming composure turned to molten fire as I nodded.

"Mister whatever-your-name-is! Please be good enough to get me away from this mob of jibbering idiots—"

I don't mind getting slapped on the wrist occasionally by a travel-weary celeb. Nor did I then. But Liz was different. She was far from tired, having done most of the trip in a special compartment rigged up for her. I tried to attribute her orneriness to the responsibility—a 361 newspaper readership and translations in 19 lingos. I chauffeured her to her suite and bowed out.

"You, there!" Liz snapped as I was closing the door. "I didn't dismiss you." She waved a yard long cigarette holder at her trunks. "My dresses must be unpacked. My office must be set up. Just *how* do you earn your salt, Mr. Howley?"

"Howett—" I corrected her softly. I tried like hell to check the temper, but it

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came out in soft words anyway. “As far as my salt goes, I earn it infrequently by playing whipping boy to arrogant brass hats. Most of the time I earn it doing a job. Questions?”

“He *can* speak!” Larry gushed acidly “I thought he was all anthropoid!”

“I’ll take his picture. It’ll go with the rugged mountains,” Ike quipped.

The female Richard Harding Davis let out an embarrassed little chuckle. “Now, boys. Take it easy. Mr. Hewitt has a right to be sore—he’s working and I’m not making his job any easier.” She turned the smile on me. “Have a dreadful headache. Would you come back later and—er, we’ll discuss my little trip?”

“Delighted.” I wanted to belt all three of them. Instead, I went down to the bar and belted half a fifth. The barkeep was an old wartime chum. He just looked at me and shook his head. “*That* bad, Kelly, and worse!” I grumbled.

“I don’t believe it,” Kelly gasped. “She’s a nice lookin’ head! Why I read her stuff all the time in the Seattle paper. She’s a real sport—”

The more he talked, the emptier the jug got. I paid before I got desperately drunk and took a long walk in the hot summer air. Three days later, bush-hopping around the territory “for quaint local color” I must have counted 25,000 backwards to keep from slugging Ike and Larry and paddling Miss Nibs on her well-rounded rump. How any dame could be so stunning and so bitchy at the same time left me numb. The poor guys, who had to fly her copy hundreds of miles to a telegraph office, fared hardly better. There wasn’t a harder working guy than

Jack Chisum—he’d fly mercy missions when blizzards socked in every airfield around, fly through Arctic fog for an Eskimo kid who wanted a toy for Christmas—one of those good human beings, Jack. Yet I thought he’d take her and her characters apart for talking to him as if he were some kind of moron, because he didn’t want to commit suicide for her columns that were delayed by the weather.

“Don’t envy you, kid,” Chisum’s eyes rolled as we climbed out of his Grumman Goose at Chitina. “This is the payoff. The wilds of Alaska with you as guide. God help you and your composure, friend. Don’t kill ‘em, lad. Think of your old mother—”

Two days and nights in a rinkydink lodge in bear country had me thinking of murder. The way I felt about that trio, I would have been delighted to ease them into the next world if I knew I could get away with it. Madam Journalist? Nothing pleased her. Not the quaint Eskimos, the poverty-stricken locals, the bears, the salmon—not a damn thing. Ike and Larry? Except for their own company which they found charming, they were bored to death. Me? I didn’t matter.

As for Liz Wright and me, there was, to put it correctly, a polite distance between us. Can a cat look at a queen? In Grimm’s primer, yes. In a Chitina sluice camp perched on a steep grade with salmon at the bottom and snow capped mountains on top, the best a cat could do was try to whip up the makings of a decent meal.

I was wondering how Ike, Larry and the femme fatal would go for my world famous mulligan stew, when Liz screamed. I wasn’t wondering very hard. The stew

was heavily doused with Old Grandad’s fine old elixir for chasing the blues. I’d have preferred drinking it up solo. In a way, I’d have enjoyed getting three sheets to the wind and then making a pass at the gal just to see if she was human. That’s what I was thinking about when Liz began screaming. Outside it was raining. Two days, two nights—raining as only it can in Alaska. I heard thunder and more screams, but went right along spiking the stew, and, I’ll confess, hearing such blood curdling howls just tickled me so hard I shared the joke with Grandad.

“*Please, Howett!*” Liz got my name right for the first time. “*Oh God! Somebody help me!*”

The only gun in camp, a .30/30 was resting against the trunk of an apple tree 50 yards to the right of the cabin. Ike and Larry were stretched out at the foot of the slope, below the cabin, one of them had his head ripped off. The other broken into a limp, bloody doll. Desperately, I grabbed the first thing I could get my hands on and charged out—my mulligan stew.

“*Ya! Ya! Hiyah—bear! Turn around—come and get me!*”

I wasn’t any more of a woodsman than I pretended to be. My racket was public relations, buffer for the celebs, and good-time Charley. Chet Howett, amateur gourmet, didn’t charge out to the rescue feeling brave. *No, sir!* I’d spent enough years in Alaska to nurture a genuine terror of Kodiaks—to know better than take a bear on without a cannon. But I did. *I had to.* I couldn’t stand there and see a 1,200 pound kill-crazy bruin rip apart the star of the show. One swipe of his paws could knock

a horse head over hoofs with a broken neck—one vicious swat had turned the secretary's head into a misshapen pulp, lying in the stream five yards from the body, chumming up salmon.

"I'll try to keep him busy, Miss Wright! Climb down—get the gun!"

"B-but he'll kill me!" the brunette sobbed. But she tried and that took guts, instinct for self-preservation notwithstanding. I turned the animal with my mulligan stew. The pungent aroma assailed his nostrils and he loved it. Emitting a little grunt, he shambling up the slope and I stopped looking at Liz Wright. All she was wearing was black panties, a torn plaid shirt and boots; the bear had torn away her jodhpurs in his first attack. One of her boots fell off as the shaggy brute reared back on his haunches, 20 yards from the tree, and did a mental tossup as to which of us was worthy of his interest. I was scared stiff. Rivulets of perspiration were trickling down my face. I put the mulligan stew on the ground. The iron pot alone weighed 15 pounds. And I thought, then, of Longi and his crazy story.

"Ya! Ya! C'mon, bear—come on!"

And he came. Slowly, relentlessly, the bloodthirsty brownie moved up the muddy slope as I set the cauldron on its edge, praying to God that I live to see another day. He came toward me, big and shaggy, growling, spittle drooling from his pink tongue, nose twitching. He was hungry.

Ike and Larry had died while he was in an angry mood—two clawing roundhouses—two blood-drenched corpses. But he hadn't touched them. Perhaps, I thought, he wasn't going to touch Liz Wright. Maybe he knew just how bitchy she was, I thought. The situation stopped being funny damned quick. I could feel my legs trembling and I didn't look at the iron pot as I started tipping it. I felt the searing pain in the palms of my hands as the flesh stuck to the pot, but I didn't budge otherwise. I stood there, praying, squinting at the immense Alaskan brown bear as his eyes suddenly focused on the river of mulligan stew racing down the slope. It

was just a trickle then, but groaning in agony as the hot metal burned away my skin, I tilted it further.

I couldn't see Liz Wright as I concentrated on the bear. For all I knew she was out of the damned picture entirely! I felt like a guy standing on a track watching a freight train bearing down on him and unable to make his legs move. The bear's pink tongue rolled over his lips as first the left paw, then the right, gently dabbed the steaming brew. The heat scorched his forepaws and he let out a roaring snort and actually *blew* on them!

But he kept coming, snorting like a beached walrus, fangs bared. He kept savoring the mulligan stew, slapping it up with *both* paws and pounding his massive chest. I had Old Grandad to thank for that. I crouched, snarling. "*Come you big ugly killer—come on. Ya! Ya!*"

At five yards, the steaming stew brought clouds of vapor to his mouth. His head lowered and his tongue ran deep furrows into the soft mud trying to lap it up. I had no feeling in my hands—I wanted to let go of the pot but the blistered, stinking meat refused to comply. I called out, hardly above a whisper, "Baby, I can't hold him off forever—shoot him! Start pulling the trigger—"

No answer. My heart pounded in my throat. A red haze began floating before my eyes, clearing for a fraction of a second as the bear came into focus, then yielding to more pain and panic.

"Liz! Shoot him now!"

The pot was empty. The bear rose toweringly above me, to his full 10 feet, blotting out everything as he roared in anger. Pieces of meat and gravy smeared his drooling jaws as he closed to six feet. I kept shaking my head trying to clear the red haze. I was seeing *two-three-four* bears.

"Ya! Ya! Come on!" I sobbed. "*Come on—come get me!*"

A bolt of thunder ripped through the sky then. The bear glared at the clouds. Mud and shale slid through his open hind legs as he snarled, suddenly reaching for

me. I ducked, side-stepped and heaved the pot with both hands. It made a tinny bang as it bounced off his nose—leaving him with a red spurting welt. I felt a blast of warm air. Mud, rain and bear blood hit my face like an exploding grenade. I fell, rolling and screaming, between the swinging paws that whistled by my head. Claps of thunder shook the earth. I rolled, a compressed mass of inconceivable fright, between the bear's forelegs and frantically, sobbingly, tried to squirm away. The kodiak, bellowing and thumping his body, fell sideways and started rolling down the slope parallel to me, his huge claws ripping me and furrowing the mud. Lightning and thunder blotted out everything. One shaggy forepaw swiped my skull when we reached the bottom of the slope and after that I felt only wetness, warm and vaguely familiar. Slowly, the deep, black pool swallowed me up.

The next thing I knew, Liz Wright was holding my head in her lap. We were in the cabin, alone, alive as a pair of badly frightened casualties can be. My head felt twice its size, but my eyes focused well enough. Liz Wright was actually crying. "The thunder and my shots timed out together," she said between sobs. I passed out then. The next morning she sat me up and fixed a bowl of soup. She was rigged in whole clothes again, smart hunting stuff. I figured her masquerade into humanity was over.

But it wasn't—not for another two days. For 48 hours, the lady journalist and the guy with the burned hands and swollen head found things in common. The lady was human beyond belief. She cried over her mutilated friends after I wrapped them up in a tarpaulin; she cried over me until the rest of her melted. Two days with Liz Wright made the empty life of a glad hander worthwhile. I didn't go back to New York with her and there wasn't any happy ending. She got on a plane quietly, filed her stuff about the wild forest, the kill-crazy bear and the guy—she claimed—who saved her life. It was a nice gesture.

END

NEW GUN IN TOWN

(Continued from page 27)

cowpoke, he rode and roped as well as the next hand, and except for an alert gleam in his blue eyes that cut him out from the herd, you would have figured him for just another un-Reconstructed lad from south of the Mason-Dixon. Which of course he wasn't. It was worse: his name was on the federal government's list of men who had aided the South in any way, such as selling beef to the traitor Jeff Davis. Commodore Perry Owens was a fugitive from Northern justice.

The Reconstruction was raging full blast now, and young men from the South were emigrating to Texas and the West, exiling themselves from their defeated homeland. These angry expatriates knew little aside from practical matters like handling livestock, riding horses, and shooting guns, and they naturally gravitated to the big cattle ranches west of the Mississippi. But the boom in beef had now died down to a mere pop, and the young Southerners found themselves up a creek without a paddle, as the saying went. Defeated and desperate they took to crime,

holding up stages, robbing banks, way-laying travelers, of necessity often shooting and killing in self-defense.

It was a time of chaos; the West of the badman and the lawman was shaping up—but it was not yet ready for Commodore Perry Owens.

The Commodore, as he was generally known now that he had become a young man and commanded respect, could not yet see his way clear in this new world. And so he busied himself with Indians for a spell.

The frontier was moving steadily west. Indian fighters were needed, and the government was forgetting and forgiving many things for the sake of getting men who were not afraid to go out into the wilderness and keep the Sioux, the Cherokee, the Comanche, the Piute, and the Apache off the backs of the settlers. The Commodore signed up, received his official paper of forgiveness, and rode off to fight the Redskin. This he did for 10 years, until 1876, which explains his shoulder-long hair, sign of the Indian fighter.

Volumes could be written about the Commodore's exploits among the Piutes—how he first killed a young sub-chief in a knife fight, a trial by single combat, and how he thus swung one whole clan of the Piute tribe over to the government side against the Apaches, Comanches, and Navahos. Among the Indians he became known as *Mah-Lo-Ute*, or Chief Long-

hair, because he wore his hair Indian-style and about twice as long as other Indian fighters.

In 1876 he returned to Texas, where he got a job as fence-rider for the old Rutherford spread, which was now owned by an eastern corporation. The open range had been fenced in, and a fence-rider's job came to something more than fixing broken barbed wire with a pair of pliers. You had to be fast and sharp with your guns. There were homesteaders and squatters and sheepmen and ornery cattlemen and ordinary rustlers of course, and these strangers were often stubborn about moving when told to.

A fence-rider on the Rutherford ranch also had to be a grave-digger, because it was a standing rule that no dead bodies were to be left lying around the pastures for inquisitive lawdogs to sniff. It was also an understood rule that no fence-rider ever troubled his foreman or the ranch manager with sad news like the sudden, unfortunate death of a trespassing homesteader. And therefore there are no figures on the number of men the Commodore killed before he came to Apache County in eastern Arizona. He never said.

At any rate he carried good character references from the owners of the ranch when he resigned his job. And he brought these letters of reference with him when he came before the Apache County Board, seeking the job of county sheriff. But

standing before the boardmen in his frontier buckskins and with his long hair flowing over his shoulders, he did not impress them as being the kind of tough gunslinger they needed for the job.

"As regards my character," he told them in his quiet voice, "those letters speak for themselves. As regards my skill with guns, I stand ready any time."

"You think you'd make a law-abiding county out of this here place?" a board member asked, and the mockery in his voice was enough to make a man grab leather.

But the Commodore just said, "Why, yes, I believe I could help you gentlemen quite a lot."

"They's some pretty fast guns around here, mister," said one of the boardmen, significantly looking the long-haired man up and down.

"That's what I come for," said the Commodore. "Now, the *fastest* gun is here!" He didn't smile, he simply stood before the county board, speaking for himself and awaiting their answer. But he knew what they were thinking. For his own part, he almost wished he had brought his collection of scalps.

"What kind of iron you like, Mr. Owens?" one of the board members inquired.

"For close in or far off?" the Commodore asked. There was the least little hint in his tone that maybe the boardman didn't know the difference.

"Both," said the Board member, coppering all bets. He really didn't know, he just thought he did. Under five paces, a man would be a damned fool to draw. Fists are faster.

The Commodore played it straight, replying, "Up to five paces, I use my hands or my old Colt forty-four, whichever is quickest. Further off I like the Winchester forty-five."

"But the Winchester is a rifle!" a boardman exclaimed.

"You're right about that, mister," the Commodore agreed.

"You mean you fight with a rifle?"

"From the hip," said the Commodore quietly, but his voice had an edge that could cut glass.

"Well, it's your funeral, mister," the county board chief concluded. "You can have the job. We ain't too particular who we hire for sheriff on account of them as can't make the grade don't last long enough to collect their first month's wages anyhow. So here's your star, sheriff. Good luck. You'll need it."

But Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens had little need for luck—his amazing technique of law-enforcement was enough. If he found himself close enough to a law-breaker, he simply knocked the man senseless with one or two well delivered hay-makers to the jaw, or if he was not quite close enough to his quarry for a quick rush and the knockout blow, he would draw—and, if necessary, fire—the old Colt forty-four which he kept strapped to his left leg hanging low and butt forward.

But if he was too far from his man to rush him or to trust a pistol's accuracy, say beyond five paces, he would fire his Winchester forty-five from the hip, like he said. His speed was phenomenal and his aim deadly. After his first month as sheriff of Apache County he seldom had any need to use force. Fugitives and desperadoes bypassed his baliwick. Even little towns like Holbrook, which had never seen and hardly heard of the long-haired sheriff, were free of crime and criminals. Because of his long brown hair, he was sometimes taken for less a man than he was, and now and then he even had to

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draw down on some fool who thought long hair was only worn by sissies. However, this was not often, and the county was generally quiet, except of course for feuding, which was natural.

But about a year after he received the star, Sheriff Owens had to face a problem in law-enforcement that was a little out of the ordinary. There was a triple lynching. Three strangers were found by the high-road hanging from a tree. The murders had been secretly witnessed, as it happened, and Judge John ("Hanging Jack") McKenna had handed down an arrest for the Cooper-Blevins gang. Andy Cooper was ringleader, his riders were Tom and Bob Blevins and Mose Roberts—the same

four cowboys who years before had left the Rutherford ranch with young Owens and gone riding after free beef for Jeff Davis. Owens had not seen them since, and he had no interest in them. Nothing personal, that is. But now they were in Apache County, and it was his county, and they had given him a job to do. They should have stayed out of his precinct and confined their outlawry to other parts, but perhaps they thought they could get by with murder wherever their old pal Owens was lawman. Or maybe they didn't know he had changed very much during those 10 years.

Before the triple murder, Andy Cooper and his gang had done nothing but help

the Tewksburys with their feud against the Grahams, who were sheepmen. The Cooper-Blevins gang's combination robbery, lynching, and shooting of the three men (their names were Scott, Stott, and Wilson, all strangers to Pleasant Valley) was the first serious crime in those parts since Commodore Perry Owens became sheriff of Apache County. If Cooper and his men could have limited their killings to the Graham-Tewksbury feud, the law would not have been much interested, but a triple murder on the highway could not go unpunished.

Sheriff Owens took the warrant and went after the gang immediately, riding alone into Holbrook, where Andy Cooper was visiting his woman, shortly after noon on September 4, 1887.

As he rode down the main street, he was aware of many eyes on him.

One man called out, "Ain't that a lady wearing a sheriff's star?"

The Commodore heard, but he was accustomed to such fool remarks. He rode on.

A young woman lounging in the doorway of the Odeon Palace whistled and said loud enough for him to hear: "I've just seen the handsomest hunk of man in Arizona. Mister, be my guest!"

A wiseacre in front of the saddlery hallooed: "That ain't no man, that's a lady!" "They sent us a lady sheriff!"

The Commodore just rode on, and when he came to the town marshal's office, he dismounted leisurely, tied his horse, and went in to confer with Marshal West.

He found West asleep on the office couch and nudged him awake.

"Who might you be?" asked the marshal when he took in the tall man, blinked at all that hair, and popped his eyes at the sheriff's star.

"I'm Sheriff Owens," said the Commodore. "I have a warrant for Andy Cooper and his gang. I'm told they're here now. Do you know where I can find them?"

"Don't the county board think I'd go and get them myself if I knew where to locate them?" Marshal West retorted.

"Maybe not," said the Commodore. "Do you know where they are right now?"

The marshal got off his couch, crossed to the desk, saying nothing, then unplugged a bottle of rye and took a long pull. Afterwards he gnawed a chew of his twist of tobacco. Then he sat on the desk, and looking at the floor he said, "They're up at Bessie May's house, far side of town, a two-story yellow house with blue shutters. They been there since yesterday. But you tell me, young feller, how you expect to arrest four armed men? They're all crack shots, and they're gonna be inside the house while you'll be outside!"

"Which way is the house?" asked the Commodore.

"Straight on up the street thataway. Who's your next of kin so's I can notify them?"

The Commodore said thank you and went outside and swung back on his horse. He rode up the street until he saw the yellow house.

He dismounted about 50 yards from the yellow house and sent his horse back down the street with a whack on its rump. Then he stood still for a long time, looking over the lay of the land.

He might just walk up on the porch, kick the door in, and enter shooting. But that strategy might not get him as far as the porch if any of the gang was watching from a window. Or he could hide and wait until they came out, then blast them—if they all came out at once, which he could not count on. Of course he knew it

was going to be a gunfight; it couldn't be otherwise with four gunslingers wanted for murder. The only question in the Commodore's mind was *how* he should set up this showdown. The first move was his.

He decided to stage a showdown in the open, relying on the superior accuracy of his rifle at long range.

When he was about 30 paces from the house, he called: "Andy Cooper, come out! I got a warrant here for you!" He waited a few seconds, then called again: "I got a warrant here for Andy Cooper, the Blevins boys, and Mose Roberts—for murder! Now come on out here and surrender in the name of the law!"

He watched the windows. A head appeared in the first floor corner window, it was Andy Cooper, and he yelled, "What's your warrant all about, sheriff?"

The Commodore stood with his back to the sun, for it was a little after noon, and though the shadows were short, he needed any advantage he could find. He held his rifle low, the stock against his right hip, his trigger finger already squeezing lightly.

He called back to Cooper: "It's for the hanging of those three men! Judge McKenna wants you. So come on out now, Andy, bring your boys, and let's get this over with!"

"We ain't hung nobody, sheriff," Cooper answered. "And we sure ain't gonna hang for no hangings we didn't do."

Cooper fired then, but his shot kicked up dust far to the right and beyond the sheriff, who returned the fire with only one bullet. Cooper's eyes opened wide in surprise when the slug crashed into his face. He fell back from the window.

The porch door swung open then, and a man stepped out shouting, "You long-haired female critter, I'll cut you in two!" And he began fanning his six-guns, which was sort of silly at 30 yards.

Sheriff Owens fired a second bullet. Bob Blevins spun like a top, dead before he hit the ground.

The sheriff stood tense and watchful, ready to fire again as soon as he was fired upon. He felt the sweat oozing under his hatband, and his heart was crowding his throat, but his eyes took in everything, and his trigger finger was ready.

Suddenly a woman wailed inside the house. The sheriff's jaw tightened. That would be Bessie May finding Andy Cooper shot in the face, he figured. He wondered what she looked like, for he had heard she was a beauty, a tall and buxom blonde.

Then Tom Blevins fired from an upper window, ducking back out of sight before the sheriff could return fire. The bullet whined off a rock and sang into the sky.

The Commodore wondered about the thickness and construction of the outside walls. It was a frame house, and it didn't look heavily built. He fired a single shot at the edge of the window where Tom Blevins had just withdrawn his face. There was a sudden scream that quickly died away, and that was the end of the Blevins boys.

Bessie May now showed in the window where Cooper had been shot in the face, and she started blazing away with Cooper's guns. All her shots went wild, but the Commodore stepped behind a wagon anyway, just in case, and he watched her while she emptied the guns at him. She was a looker, all right. He felt a little sorry for her, but there was nothing he could do at the moment. When she had shot all the bullets, she threw the guns out the window and collapsed sobbing, her pretty blonde head resting on the window sill.

Mose Roberts was the only one left, and he came running around the back of the house with two guns blasting. The Commodore swiveled about and squeezed off one shot from his Winchester. Mose kept coming a few steps, but he was as good as dead when the bullet hit him. He fell running, and he slid on his face in the dirt, coming to a dead stop at the sheriff's feet.

That accounted for the Cooper-Blevins gang, but it did not yet entirely account for Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens.

He entered the house after he killed Roberts, and he found Andy Cooper unconscious. The bullet in his face had just about done him in, but he was still breathing. People crowded into the house now, eager to get close to violence now that it was over. Marshal West was among them. Sheriff Owens turned the corpses over to the marshal, but he himself took the wounded Andy Cooper to the town doctor.

It was too late for Cooper, however, and he died before the doctor could do anything for him. But before he died, he spoke a few words, to which Sheriff Owens listened carefully.

"Sheriff?"

"Yes, Andy?"

"Don't I know you from someplace?"

"I'm the Commodore, we used to ride herd together, Andy."

"How come you grewed such long hair, Commodore?" said Cooper. "I remember you as a young whippersnapper—"

"I was fighting Indians for a long time, Andy. Sort of got in the habit of long hair."

"Commodore?"

"Yes, Andy?"

"I'm dying, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"I got a last request?"

"Yes, Andy."

"Go tell my Bessie May . . . Tell her my last thought was about her."

"I'll do that, Andy."

Cooper smiled. And he died.

The Commodore did as he promised. He went back up to the yellow house, and he knocked on the door. Bessie May opened it. She glared hard at the sheriff.

"Andy Cooper sent you a message before he died, Miss Bessie," said the Commodore. She sure was pretty, he thought, with her big blue eyes all wet with tears and her bosom swelling with choked passion.

"What?" she said, "what did you say?"

"I have a message from Cooper. May I step inside?"

She let him in.

He didn't come out again until the following morning.

As he rode out of town next day, folks around the general store watched him go, and many of them still had comments to make.

One said, "There goes our lady sheriff!"

Another called out, "He sure does look like a lady, with all that long hair, but I'll say this for him, he don't shoot like one!"

A lady among them remarked, "Well, spending the night with that strumpet Bessie May . . . I'd say he ain't no gentleman!"

Someone replied, "Ma'am, that there long-haired sheriff maybe ain't no gentleman, but he sure ain't no lady!"

Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens remained in charge of the peace in Apache County until he became a U.S. deputy marshal nine years later. The woman named Bessie May lived with him as his housekeeper from September 5, 1887—the day after he killed Cooper, the Blevins boys, and Roberts—until he died of tuberculosis in 1900 at the age of 61.

And he never did cut that long hair.

END

ONE CAME BACK

(Continued from page 51)

designated Klatuw. It was filthy with tanks, weapons carriers and Gestapo security troops. Klatuw was our target, and we saw it for the first time 26 hours after landing.

Lt. Barzan split us into two units of three. Our papers said we were mechanics and steelworkers, authorized to enter Klatuw freely. That is, as freely as anyone who worked for the Nazis could move!

Thirteen hours later, we replaced six assembly line "Germans" at the machine lathes, and then prepared to do our job. It was a job for which we'd trained, rehearsed, and prayed for months. We were to blow up Klatuw, or at least put it out of operation for a long time to come.

For four of my companions, the detonation of Klatuw proved fatal. Stored in the basement of the half-mile-long plant was enough smuggled dynamite to blast half the city of Köln to smithereens. The six sympathizers whom we'd replaced on the assembly line had done their jobs well. I never knew where they got their explosives because I never saw them again. Intelligence transferred them elsewhere with proper German identification papers, so that they could carry on in other plants. They weren't expendable, but we were.

There were five packages of dynamite to be exploded at a designated hour, one timer fuse to cover the five deposits, each placed in a key location throughout the massive plant. I kept thinking about tying fuses when Barzan nodded to put down my apron and move. I looked at Makolevski on my left, he in turn at the man on his left, and so on down the line.

We pulled our sortie during a 15 minute coffee break, the only one in a 10 hour shift. We joined the millrace of hundreds lolling in the massive concrete basement and strolled calmly to the footlockers assigned us, our meeting place.

When the whistle blew 15 minutes later, each man edged to his station to tie the common leads. That's when our trouble began. Roving squads of four soldiers covered every 200 feet of the plant. It was virtually impossible to work without being seen. And that's how we did it—without being seen. Literally.

Barzan arranged to eliminate the power guard by knife. I was sitting on a low wall protesting to the soldiers that I still had a few puffs in my cigarette. I expected to be shot for that alone, but the corporal of the guard merely grinned.

Suddenly, the lights went out in the basement. The squad was only 10 feet from me, but I brushed around them streaking down the corridor. It was pitch dark, but I ran according to a memorized diagram and timing—dead reckoning, the sailors call it. I ran for a counted 12 seconds then stopped a few yards from a retaining wall. I dipped into a footlocker and began tying leads.

Behind me the shouting of sentry patrols echoed eerily through the concrete halls. I pulled my lead around to Makolevski's station, and he took it to the next man, about 200 yards away. Then he was back, puffing and pulling me to the gate.

Bedlam broke loose in those moments—guards shouting, shots, whistles blowing, searchlights probing down the halls. I yanked the .45 automatic from my waist just before we stepped to the sentry post

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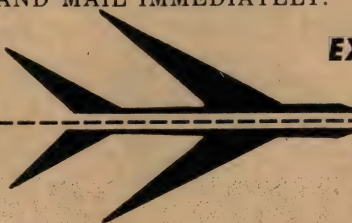
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at the ramp and poked the gun in the Nazi's gut. Amazed, he stood in his little cubicle frozen. I clubbed him unconscious without any feeling, and Makolevski did the same to the other sentry. Behind us, we heard the sudden burst of a machine gun and two screams. We got out fast.

It was as simple, and as incredible, as that. We walked through a mob of blustering Germans who completely ignored us in their race into the plant to see what was happening. We walked briskly, but not briskly enough to attract attention. Fifteen minutes later, I stopped beside Makolevski.

Sweat trickled down my back like a spring flood; my feet trembled; my heart boomed wildly in my throat. I closed my

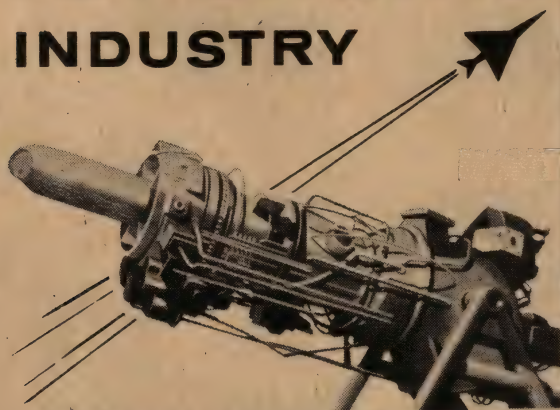
eyes and prayed. Then it went off—a half mile of plant went shooting sky high in the night, great spirals of yellow flames leaping thunderously, jarring the ground. One explosion after another filled the night, and when the fifth one went off, we ran.

It was that simple, I thought, remembering it now. But Makolevski didn't agree. There was a bullet in his forehead, and a sentry above me, firing down my throat.

We were less than two miles from our destination when I realized I'd lost my identification papers in our mad race out of the plant. I wanted to turn back but it was too late. We were at a crossbridge on the Rhine, framed in Nazi spotlights. We'd jumped into road ditches when trucks roared by, run, hidden, done everything

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but die in our attempt to reach our rendezvous. Now, I'd loused it up for both of us.

"Halt!"

Makolevski and I walked up to the sentries, five of them. I held up one hand in a gesture of futility. In German, Makolevski told them I'd misplaced my papers. That did it. When the rifle came up, I fired from inside my jacket. Makolevski blasted the second and third sentries.

Now Makolevski was dead and I was lying at the base of the bridge abutment, trying to pinpoint the ugly spurts of flames long enough to shoot. I pulled out the cyanide pill from under my shirt, ready to gulp it down.

Suddenly, to my right, another jet of flame singed the earth beside me. I raced frantically toward the closest boulder. I had to cross the river the way I'd come—over it, on foot! There was no other way.

I crawled up the side of the steep bank, praying, sliding, my hands clawing at the shale. When I reached the parallel of the bridge street again I could see the two Nazis poised over the railing shooting down into the darkness. I raced up to them and fired twice, then streaked across the bodies of the five men.

I made it back to the rendezvous with barely a scratch, and soon after the transport picked me up. I was the only survivor, though God only knows why. It might've been me in the bottom of the bridge, might've been me in Klatuw when it went to hell in flames. Only it wasn't; I still wonder why. Time and time again, I pinch myself and wonder why. **END**

SGT. CALLAWAY'S GIRL BRIGADE

(Continued from page 19)

"Callaway, I told you one of us stays," Martin said evenly. "I meant it."

Peeling his shirt, the Army man walked to the grass where the girls were waiting to see them off. The Captain took off his watch and .45 automatic. Callaway was squatting on his haunches chewing a blade of grass. He didn't own a shirt. He took off his pants and dropped them in Nuara's lap, then jogged down in his scivvies.

Martin had the edge in weight, 205 or better. Callaway had it in tattoos; a clipper ship on one arm an anchor on the other, the names of every port-of-call that the *Marblehead* ever made across his chest, complete with a parrot and a multi-hued masterpiece labeled "I will love you forever." Martin was a hairy man with thick arms and a barrel chest. In Manila he fought as a heavyweight. Callaway's fighting was on Liberty. He was six-three, blond and lean.

"Here's a present for your mother, jug-head!" Martin grinned, dropping one shoulder and knocking the marine flat with his left. "Get up and fight, you yellow—"

Callaway got to one knee. Martin let him up three-quarters of the way, then caught him with an uppercut that snapped the marine's head back. Spitting blood and sand, Callaway tried it again.

The afternoon sun burned on their tanned bodies. It burned for 35 minutes after Callaway got up. The heavy thudding of their fists was like the sound of muffled drums back in the jungle. They fought like savages, fought till their eyes

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were swollen shut, fought till the blood sprayed over the sand and stained it copery.

Then the bloody, panting marine crawled to the edge of the water and flopped in. He lay there until the Javanese girl ran down and dragged him out. The boat didn't leave for three days, but when it did Callaway went down and tried to get Martin to shake hands.

"Stowe," Martin glared at the seaman, "tell this creep to clear away before I use my gun on him!"

"He won fair and square, Captain!" the sailor growled. "He's got a seat here like any of us—"

"Save your breath, Stowe," the marine shrugged disgustedly. "I'd just as soon fight the war right here. Anyway, small boats make me seasick as hell!"

The Aussies and the Dutchmen leaned over the side as he walked around the boat. He went forward again the second time, standing in the knee deep water.

"Captain Martin," Callaway smiled. "Waddya say, huh?" He stuck out his hand.

The Army man rubbed his swollen chin and suddenly leaned over with a big right hand, mumbling grudgingly:

"So long, jughead. Take it easy on those broads. Y'know you can really get into this bathtub with us."

"Not me, Captain. I wasn't kiddin' about getting seasick. Even on the *Marblehead* I was seasick . . ."

The good-byes were brief on Bangka Strait; speedy Jap patrol boats often raced into shallow waters for a quick sweep. The guerrillas withdrew and the boat heeled sharply into the breeze off Cape Lumut. The slender jib went up, then the mainsail. They're going all the way, Callaway silently prayed, and they've sure got a long way to go.

The girl came down and stood in the water beside him. Callaway thought about the ammo, grenades, rifles and navigational instruments they had aboard. Their food supply was estimated to be sufficient for six months, water for three. At that rate they could replenish along the way and romp home to Australia, sailing only at night. But on November 28th, the leatherneck heard the unhappy news of that "romp."

Guerrilla communications — coast watcher radio, bush telegraph and word-of-mouth — relayed the sketchy but unfortunately true details to Clay Callaway at Bangka Strait. The long voyage to Australia ended off Joseph Bonaparte Gulf. A lumbering Japanese flying boat caught them with one bomb down the throat. No bodies were found.

Every legend about Guerrilla Callaway started at that point. The motive supposedly was vengeance, one version quoting the marine as vowing to "kill a thousand of those little yellow ——— for every one of my friends . . ." Nice, but hardly the truth. Callaway had already begun earning a fabulous reputation. The tall, redheaded marine assumed command of one of the most unique fighting forces of World War II—a guerrilla army composed exclusively of girls.

Twenty months later, Clayton Callaway, 25, out of Fayetteville, N.C., was by then engaged in his fifth major campaign against the Japanese on Sumatra. More than any of the follow-up raids in Callaway's three-year war behind enemy lines, it was the fifth campaign that abruptly caused Tokyo to sit up and take notice of the incredible turbulence in Indonesia.

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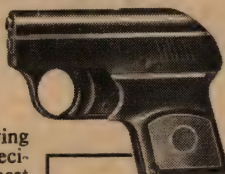
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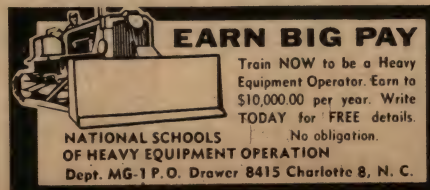
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knew their deadly business and took a fierce pride in exacting bloody vengeance for the men of their land whom the Japs tortured and killed. The fact that they were girls gave their bizarre deeds added zest. They lived for their work and swore that if ever captured, they would gladly accept the torture certain to follow rather than divulge any information to their interrogators.

In the 20 months of the organization's existence, 12 girls were lost. Eight were lucky enough to have time to blow themselves up; the other four died in a special dungeon in the Naval Base reserved for guerrillas and escape-happy Allied POWs. No matter how brutally the Japs tortured the girls, they never got a clue to Callaway's whereabouts.

The Japs offered \$25,000 for the American's head, by far the greatest distinction afforded any of their enemies. Callaway, after giving the reward some thought, borrowed a page from an old western he'd read, and posted his own reward notice for the head of any Jap officer of flag rank, army or navy. He wasn't particular. The incensed Japs bombed the hills behind Padang on a dozen occasions, but if they killed anything other than their own troops it was fresh meat for the guerrillas.

The girls were trained by the marine to kill silently. Their marksmanship with Enfield and Krag rifles picked up at random, matched their adroitness to find, corner, and behead the enemy. One morning a Jap bomber returning from a patrol over the Strait of Malacca made the mistake of flying too close to Callaway's camp. Seventy-five rifles thundered in a single fusillade and damned if the pilot didn't get hit and die at the controls as the plane smashed into the jungle. The legends began to spread. The more they spread, the more Callaway refused to get smug and lazy, the more often he shifted his camps.

On October 3, 1943, the number of enemy soldiers, sailors and marines killed by his guerrilla band of 75 saronged Sumatrans and Javanese was estimated at roughly 2,500.

On November 2, Callaway had visions of that number more than quadrupling. The how and when he kept to himself. In the principal cities of the island where a few white men worked as more or less slave labor (many of them "collaborated" with the Japs while aiding the guerrillas), one could move around freely if wearing an identifying Rising Sun kimpei armband.

Since this was impossible in the case of an overgrown marine from North Carolina, the only other way was to be smuggled in. But this not only went against Clay Callaway's grain, it also irked his sense of judgment. If he could see in clear daylight what the layout of the storage tanks was and how best to get at them, he would then know how to hand the Japs the worst loss of "face" yet in their uncomfortable stay on Sumatra.

The day after his visit from Kulapuly, six old women were imported from Padang to escort him into the city. After an all-night sail up the Inderagiri River toward the coast, Callaway hid in the jungle until mid-afternoon of the 3rd. Crouched beside the road, the marine had an excellent view of the traffic leading in and out of the city. In the area almost dead ahead, beyond the emerald curtain of fringing jungle, he saw the huge silver tanks shimmering in the blazing sun. The traffic rolled along, small cars, cyclists, Jap trucks, command cars and finally, pre-

cisely at the designated time, a team of huge oxen pulling a native bullock with six hags aboard. They didn't look up as they passed the tree.

Clay Callaway leaped to the ground, hurtled onto the tail and rolled in. Before he could catch his breath, he was covered with burlap bags and buried under a dung-heap. The Jap officer at the strategic corner to Van der Houton's tobacco shop got one whiff of the cart and waved it on, armbands or no armbands! A tall, stoop shouldered hag in a filthy sarong, nimbly stepped out in front of the tobacco shop while the dung wagon rolled around the corner to the side door.

"You're either crazy or determined to get yourself killed," the Dutchman growled, pulling Callaway into the back room. He tried not to laugh at the marine's costume, but when Callaway burst out the Dutchman joined him. "The stain used to dye your face—have you seen it?"

"Don't have to. Can smell it!"

"It's mixed with manure, Clay."

"I know. I'm getting nauseous."

The Dutchman, a tall, thick shouldered patriot suddenly turned grim. "Okay, how do you propose to blow those tanks? And when?"

"Tomorrow night. Read this and burn it. I'm going out with my escort to look them over."

Callaway then calmly walked out the side door, climbed up on the wagon, and rode through the Jap infested city with the other women. Strolling Nip soldiers, and officers sitting in the cafes on Amster-strasse, turned away in disgust when the cart went up the hill to the back road.

Three hours of driving, some sketches, and the cart jogged briskly down the thoroughfare back toward the jungle. Callaway was out at the tree, and it was nearly dark. By daylight, catching a fair wind down the river, he was back in his camp.

He briefed his guerrillas the following morning and prepared the offensive.

Half of Callaway's girl army wore knives and carried grenades strapped to their thighs. The other half would wait with Callaway for the Japs. If Van der Houton did his job—and the Dutchman always did—the Japs would have 5,000 soldiers waiting for him. Callaway never wanted anything so much in his 25 years.

Shortly after six that night, tobaccoist Van der Houton told a wild tale to the Jap brass in the Admiralty. The Admiralty shooed him to the Army. The latter couldn't get out of it. The tale was so wild that a Major General was interrupted while eating dinner and shown a letter in Sergeant Clayton Callaway's own hand.

"Tonight, Dutchmen and self-respecting Indonesians will see some real fireworks when we blow up the base!"

The handwriting was checked against previous samples. By seven o'clock, the streets of Padang were packed with troops under full battle pack. By seven-thirty, the first of the beautiful girls began to drift into the city. The soldiers stood in rapt attention.

"The girls danced around in the street! Dances such as the Japanese had never seen in their whole lives! There were more beautiful girls along the street where the 125th Division was massed than in all the islands of the Far East!" wrote Van der Houton to U.S. Navy headquarters after the epic trap.

And then, abruptly, the dancing stopped.

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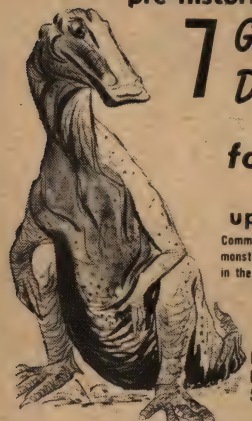
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knife and stepped to the curb. A Nipponese colonel smiled, and did an unusual thing for a disciplined professional officer. He bowed to beauty. Beauty hit him with everything in her small body and the knife plunged home.

As the Jap fell, 5,000 men looked up the street to their right. Forty girls pulled 40 grenades, pinned them, waited and let 'em fly in a single barrage. The roar was matched only by the streaming blood and shrieks as whole lines of troops disintegrated.

Five seconds later, the stunned troops saw the second barrage sailing like hailstones from the retreating guerrillas. When the smoke cleared, the Japs charged after the girls howling their *banzais* in full-throated chorus. What was left of the division charged madly into the string of 30,000 gallon tanks, an area roughly the size of two square city blocks, and bounded on the mountain side by rubble and tons of earth scooped by their bulldozers.

Behind this breastwork were 35 guerrillas. They held their fire as the other half of their force raced the obstacle course ahead of the soldiers. Some of the girls didn't make it and in the fading light, sweat pouring down his face, Callaway watched the ones who fell. The faster girls pulled grenades, blood rushing down their torn bodies as they ran headlong into the enemy. Callaway saw a dozen die that way. He looked down the line of waiting girls and it never wavered.

Now the last of the survivors were climbing up the mound of dirt and flopping over into the scooped out trench. Callaway roared:

"Fire! Fire! Pour it into 'em!"

The guns moved up, 20 on one side, 15 on the other. The whine of bullets plastering against steel was like rain on a tin roof. The explosions started in the outboard storage tanks closest to the main body of Japanese.

The first two tanks erupted in a roar that shook the island and sent flames soaring a mile high. Callaway's troops were already crawling into the drainage ditch on the opposite side of the sand mound. The blasts, touched off by the first volley fired into the storage tanks, lifted the giant silver structures hundreds of feet in the air to explode again in a holocaust that looked like the end of the world. A sea of flaming oil ran down the gully into the frenzied Japs. It consumed the 125th Division to a man. The flaming tide was easily 100 feet high the last time Callaway looked at it. By then the hide was burned off most of them, yet 24 girls survived. Nuara did not.

Natives and loyal Dutchmen dressed their wounds and ugly burns in the aftermath of that awesome self-sacrifice. The oil fire burned for a week and completely destroyed the north end of Padang.

There were other raids that made Clayton Callaway a living symbol of resistance on Sumatra, but none as costly or discouraging to the Japs. When the island was liberated, Callaway's band numbered 204 girls. The Japs were delighted to leave Sumatra officially.

The marine guerrilla shunned publicity. He even shunned a decoration ceremony arranged by the returning Dutch. In 1945 Callaway took his discharge, a simple handshake from Admiral Carney and walked out of U.S. Navy headquarters, a survivor of one of the most violent explosions in the world. He didn't much care about becoming a legend. He lost the best part of himself when he lost his army.

END

A BEACHHEAD FOR SAL BRUNO

(Continued from page 25)

"Chang Young-kue did not think you would refuse," he said.

I gave him a double take. It didn't make sense that Chang would talk about me. I began to wonder just what was behind the projected six-hour mission ashore.

"I can't see Chang getting me involved with a cloak-and-dagger agent," I said. "Or a hatchet-man. It doesn't add up."

Jen Chi-lu looked at me gravely. "I'm no hatchet-man, Mr. Bruno," he said. "I don't dynamite bridges, either. I'm a surgeon."

He kept on talking, and I kept on listening.

Jen Chi-lu had been born and raised in the United States. He went to med school in New York. After a year of practice, specializing in abdominal surgery, he placed himself at the disposal of the Nationalist government on Formosa. This trip on the *Nanyo Star* was his first trip to the Chinese mainland.

"We have great and powerful friends who live in the midst of our enemies," he said. "In these days before the showdown, Mr. Bruno, good friends are a precious commodity. We place great value on their leadership and goodwill. Certainly the least we can do is keep them alive where they can be the most use to us."

He went on to explain that a high-ranking resistance leader was in grave need of immediate surgical attention. Chang Young-kue had suggested that a Nationalist doctor could be brought in on the *Nanyo Star*. The underground would deliver him to the patient. With my cooperation, Dr. Jen could be landed on the beach at Swabue.

I kept waiting for the "or else," but it didn't come. I would have turned him down cold if he'd tried to blackmail me into the deal. But there were no threats. Instead of figuring out ways to say no, I began to flirt with the hows and the wherefores of going along with the caper.

"Give me a couple of days to think about this, Mr. Jen," I told him finally. "It's just possible that I might be able to help you. We'll be in port for nearly a week. Give me a ring at the Repulse Bay Hotel."

On my third day in Hong Kong, I got the call from Dr. Jen. We met at the Fan Ling Club in late afternoon. There was no sign of him when I came into the dining room, but when I sat down at my table, he suddenly showed. I had news for him.

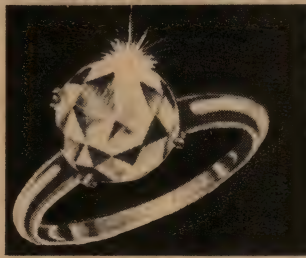
"I've been in touch with Chang Young-kue," I told him.

"I know," he said. "I've been in touch with him, too."

The gist of the arrangements went like this. Timed with our return trip to Manila, a fast cutter would be waiting in the sea lane between Chilang and the island of Pedro Blanco. The rendezvous was set for an hour after dark on a particular night during the last week of October. Dr. Jen was to go aboard the cutter, and the *Nanyo Star* would circle Pedro Blanco while we waited for him to return. If the cutter didn't return by dawn—then there was no use waiting any longer. The *Star* would head northeast and continue on her way to Taiwan.

The *Star* and Chang's cutter had a nodding acquaintance. They had met each other before, and that part of the deal

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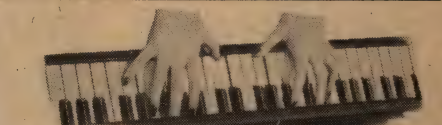
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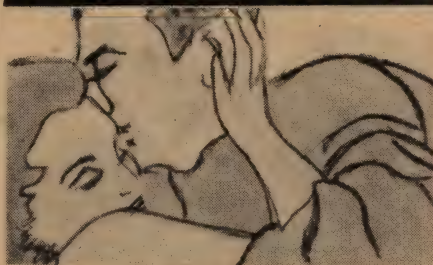
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was okay. I figured that the rendezvous would come off with no sweat.

"You're taking a big chance," I told Jen. "What if you're stopped by the patrols?"

He smiled wryly. "The stakes are worth the gamble," he said. "But it's all lined up. Once I hit the mainland, there won't be any hitch."

We talked some more. Jen had an encyclopedic knowledge of the entire coastline between both horns of Hanghai Bay. He knew the streets and even the houses of Nationalist sympathizers in Swabue and Makung. He knew every twist of the quayside and I wouldn't have been surprised if he could describe every tree along the highway to Hoifung.

I was amazed at the thoroughness of his briefing. Evidently the patient at Hoifung was a man of considerable importance to the Nationalist cause. Certainly the underground had spared no pains in setting up an elaborate plan.

We parted company after a couple of drinks and I didn't see Jen again until the afternoon the *Nanyo Star* sailed from Hong Kong. About 20 minutes after we got under way he knocked on the door of my cabin and asked if we could have a talk.

He took out a map of Hanghai Bay which showed every chunk of rock in Swabue Harbor. His route from the beach was outlined in red. There would be an empty car waiting on the road. The ignition key was taped under the right front fender. From that point, he was on his own. If he ran into trouble, he had a pocket full of forged papers and a Colt commander automatic pistol strapped to his armpit in a shoulder harness.

"Well," I said, "you've got a good night for it. The sea is like silk and there won't be a moon. Once it gets dark, it'll be as black as an undertaker's pocket."

"Don't make it sound so cheerful," he said. "Do you know where we pick up that cutter?"

"Twenty-two point six North by one-eighteen East," I told him. "Right off the north tip of Pedro Blanco. Don't worry about that end of it. Charlie Anders has steered there before, and Chang's boat will be there on time."

It had always been there before on occasions when we circled in to pick up the "midnight mail." I didn't have a doubt in the world that the cutter would be waiting when we arrived.

But it wasn't.

Maybe we reached the rendezvous a little early. I'm not sure. It got dark fast and we moved along through the blackest night I ever saw. There were no lights on Pedro Blanco, and nothing but a dull glow showed from the mainland. There was only the quicksilver phosphorescence of our wake and the red and green bands from our port and starboard lanterns that shimmered on the water like sequins in a bowl of ink. On the mast head and on the range-pole the riding lamps glittered coldly and aloof like stars. Certainly Chang's cutter could have seen them, if the cutter had been anywhere around.

We waited for half an hour, standing by the railing, listening to the dark. There was no sound except the churn of the wake and the throb of the pumps and engines. We went up on the bridge and talked with Charlie Anders. Charlie's been Captain of the *Star* for four and a half years and from the day he took over, there's never been a time when I wouldn't have trusted him with my life.

"What do you think's happened?" I asked Charlie.

Charlie's a big man, or at least he

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would have been if they'd have patched him up correctly after a double dose of shrapnel during the war. He thinks fast, but he talks slow in a kind of left nostril Anzac beach slang.

"There's patrols, Sal," he said. "The run could be poochowed." If it was four-o, there'd be some sign."

Jen looked at me for a translation. I told him, "Charlie says that the cutter must have been stopped by the patrols."

The Doctor bit his lip. He looked at the radium dial of his watch. "Maybe it's just late," he said. "Maybe it'll come."

Charlie cleared his throat. "Maybe not," he said. "How about our own launch, Al? The Doc and a couple of deck apes could make the run. Me or Barnes could go along to steer."

I looked at him as if he had suddenly lost his mind. I opened my mouth to speak, then clamped it shut. I felt my shoulders sag. No one suggested it. No one said a word. But we all knew exactly who would be riding with Dr. Jen Chi-lu to the beach in the *Nanyo Star's* launch.

"You got a boat to steer already Charlie," I said. I shivered. The night wind was suddenly cold. "I'm taking the Doc to the shore, myself."

There was no time to beat our chops. We had to work fast. Charlie gave me a rifle that I didn't even know he owned and then he called up two of the crew to go along. One was a China boy. The other was Mati-Matu, our Davao cook. Both had been with the ship for over a year.

The davits swung out, there was a creaking of sheaves, and the launch dropped slowly to the sea. I helped China boy get the engine started, and we were on our way.

Mati-Matu was on the wheel. He was a born sailor and could handle anything that moved on the sea from a Filipino banca to a Hawaiian surfboard. China boy sat in the stern while Jen and I sat in the lee of the spray shield, training our eyes on where the land was a bleached black shadow over the starboard bow. Chilang Point lay inked in beneath the black bowl of night. Behind us, a curving wake creamed to the reflected lights of the *Nanyo Star*.

I thought of how it had been a dozen years before when we first hit the beach at Kwajalein. I was 12 years younger then, and 12 years harder. Kwajalein was only a bent hairpin of coral, and I had the whole Seventh Infantry Division along for support. How different it was then! There had been an offshore wind, I remembered. And a vicious undercurrent. Thirty yards from shore, the ICP bumped the reef and we had charged down the ramp on numbed feet. The water had been warm, and yet it took my breath away.

You're nuts, I said to myself. It was your war, last time. You had a Division against a stinking, two-bit atoll. Now you've got four men and you're trying to storm Red China!

A gentle breeze was blowing. The night was quiet. We planed along on the crinkled surface of a sea that looked like the skin of a baked apple. We idled in at nine knots, and the land mass got closer. The battle fever knotted in my chest and whipped around in my head. I found it hard to move my arms and legs. I kept looking at the beach, half expecting to see gun flashes and star-shells and the orange-red glow of fires.

"Any minute, now," Doc Jen said evenly. "We go in past the fish wharves. We'd better start looking for sampans."

I started to search for slender masts along the sea-wall. "Dinghow," I said. It's

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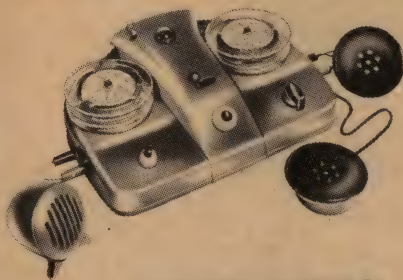
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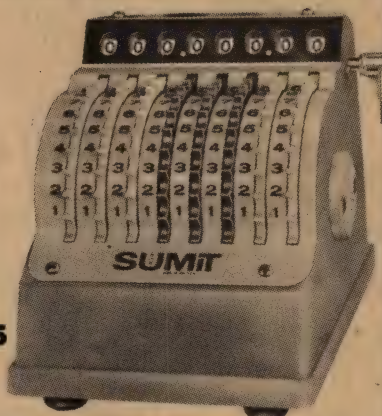
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Chinese for okay. I also began to pray.

We ghosted down to about four knots. There were dim lights in Swabue. Brown-out lights. Evidently the Redskins weren't anxious to receive callers who might be raiding from Taiwan. Nationalist Commandos had paid unannounced visits to Straits ports before. It was clear to see that the comrades hoped to avoid a repetition of the same.

Doc Jen kept his eyes on the shoreline. He spotted the feeble cluster of pot lamps before anyone else. "The fishing boats," he said. "We're getting close to where we go in."

"You want to hit the wharf?" I asked. "It has to be the beach," Jen said. "The wharf is probably guarded."

"Oh, Sir," Mati-Matu said. "We cannot go to the beach only. Would be bad."

I looked at him questioningly. Jen asked, "Why?"

"Is the tide, Sir," Mati-Matu said. "High tide now, so we can hook on. What to do when tide retreats?"

Jen shrugged. "Back off the second I'm ashore," he said. "That should be no problem."

"Is problem when you come back," Mati-Matu said. "How do you think you find us?"

I swore. Mati was right. We couldn't stay hooked up to the beach and run the risk of being cut off by the patrols. Without water under the keel, the launch was no good at all. A beached boat could be a sure ticket to the end of the line.

"Listen," I said. "Pull in on the beach and then back off. I'll give the doc my lighter. We'll be watching the stretch that he'll hit when he returns. He can light some paper and start running for the water. Then we'll grab him and blow."

"Good enough," Jen said. His black leather surgeon's bag was gripped tightly under his arm. He had a dignity and calm which touched him with a kind of greatness. Like I've said before, he was one of the bravest men I had ever seen.

We were now about a quarter of a mile above the sampans. The doctor touched Mati-Matu's arm. "Right about here," he said. "According to my chart, the bottom should be sand."

Mati-Matu hove down the wheel, turned on a dime, and ran us in to about 20 yards off the beach. Luck was with us all the way. A rock would have sunk us, but when we scraped we hit good old sea-gross mud. Doc Jen went over the side. The water swirled up to his knees. I followed him in.

"Wait for me," I said to Mati-Matu. "I'm seeing the doc to his car."

All four of us thought I should be in the locked-ward. China boy and Mati-Matu raised their hands. "Dinghow!" China boy said.

Jen and I waded in and took off on the double, heading for the road. We turned right and trotted along the ditch. A row of wooden shacks came up fast. They gave off the mixed odor of rancid grease, camphor, and rotten fish. The smell scratched at my craw.

Up ahead was the car, a small, pre-war Russian-built Apex. Dr. Jen felt under the right front fender and came up with the key. He opened the door, then turned around. "Start looking for me about one a.m.," he said. "But don't wait around too long."

"Good luck, fella," I told him. I gripped his hand. "Get back okay. We'll be out there in the taxi, waiting to take you home."

"I'll thank you later, Sal," he said. "I guess you know how I feel."

He got in and started up the car. It

rolled forward slowly and gathered speed. I watched it disappear. I didn't know how he felt. I could only speak for myself. Standing next to the ditch, shivering and alone, I was a shadow in the black night, a very frightened alien on what was definitely enemy soil.

"Well," I said to myself, "now I go back to the boat and we sweat him out. It's a hell of a long wait till one a.m."

I started back up the road, retracing that quarter of a mile. If I'd have moved faster, I might have made it back to the launch. But I thought it was better to play it cozy and to take it slow.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a Red Army patrol truck came rumbling up the road. I jumped for the cover of one of the fish shacks. I don't think I ever moved faster in all of my life.

The truck passed the beach where the launch was. It didn't stop. It rolled past the fish-shack where I was hugging the bottom boards like fungus on a stump. I had just started to breathe again when there was a sudden screech of brakes. Excited voices drifted back to me on the suddenly electric air.

It came to me what was happening back there. They must have realized that the little car was no longer parked on the road where they must have passed it any number of times in the course of the night's patrols. They had stopped the truck to take a look around.

I eased the Mauser from my back, and gripped it in my fist. They might not find me, but it would go hard on them if they did. Right then I would have traded my eye teeth for an old-fashioned grenade.

Lying there, inhaling the stench of the fish-house, listening to the excited jabbering on the road, I cursed myself for being a million kinds of fool. They must have clipped Chang's boat, I said to myself. Sure. That's why they're on the alert. Those guys know that something must be up.

If only I had galloped back to the beach. Why in Hell didn't I hotfoot it back to that launch while there was time!

Maybe I could still make it. I raised my head to see what was happening out on the road. A squad of comrades came padding in my direction like figures in a dream. The lead man had a lantern that cast a moon of light around him. He was a kid—not more than 15, at most. He wore a uniform of sloppy cotton drill and on his head was the familiar red-starred cap. Soldier or no, he was probably a lot more scared than I was.

They passed within 10 feet of me and never knew I was there. My heart almost stopped beating for the time.

Then it happened.

One of them spotted the launch. Whether Mati-Matu started up the engine before or afterwards, I couldn't decide. It was no time to ask questions about the chicken or the egg. All I know is that there was the sound of hysterical voices, the throb of the launch's engine, and then the raucous clatter of shots.

The truck backed up fast and the whole platoon of drill uniformed soldiers began to swarm over the beach. From time to time they fired more shots. I began to worry that their fire had been effective when the launch engine suddenly quit.

For two hours I lay where I was, listening to the confusion down on the beach. The truck roared back to town, probably to bring reinforcements. I felt a little better when the launch began to throb again. Its sound was intermittent, coming from different quarters every time.

Doc Jen Chi-lu beat the patrol truck back from town. He rolled up in the Apex

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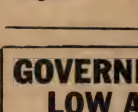
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with his lights cut. He must have seen the lantern bobbing along the jetty because he immediately hit the ditch and started to crawl to the fish shack on all fours. I snaked out an arm and dragged him over.

I started to tell him what was up, but there wasn't any need for words. On the jetty, the soldiers had begun to shoot at the sea and the throbbing of the launch began to fade in the distance.

My heart sank. "We're in for it, Jen," I said. "We just missed the last boat home."

The doctor kept his eyes riveted on the lone lantern at the edge of the breakwater.

"Maybe no," he said. "If they keep busy where they are, we might be able to make a run for it."

I stared at him. "Run?" I echoed. "Where the devil to? What we need is a boat. I never learned to run on water."

Jen pointed to the sampans bobbing along the wharf. Only a few of them carried pot lamps for riding lights; most were dark.

"Come on," Jen said. "We'll hit the last boat on the sea wall. If anyone's aboard, we'll have a fight on our hands. But it's dark, and we'll have surprise in our favor."

He peeled off coat and jacket and threw them on the ground. Then he took off his tie. I did the same. There was only one wild chance that we were going to succeed, but it was the only way out. We couldn't go heavy. When we moved we had to move fast.

"We'd better duck our shirts," Jen said. "We don't want to reflect any more light than we have to."

I tore off my shirt and threw it down on the pile. Jen had his Colt thrust in his belt. I held the Mauser at the balance.

"Wait a minute," Jen said. "We'll see what we can do to make you look more like a native." He edged around to the fish-house door and pulled open. It creaked so loudly that I figured the sound would carry to Canarsie. But on the jetty, no one even turned around.

The Doc came out with a filthy straw coolie hat that stank of fish-oil and sweat. He handed it over and I tied the thongs under my chin. I was as ready as I was ever going to be.

"Come on," I gritted tensely. "Let's get this show on the road."

Jen grinned. "You look like somebody out of Terry and the Pirates," he said. "Let's hope it ends like it does in the funnies."

He heaved his black instrument case across the road and started to run. I darted after him in a mad rush for the sea wall. Up ahead, the soldiers were still pointing at the dark and jabbering like a troop of Barbary apes.

Jen could run. I'll give him that. I was pretty fast myself, but he made a lot better time than I did. He scrambled to the edge of the dock and dropped into the last boat. I jumped in after him, grabbing for the gunwale to stay on my feet.

The sampan's captain was sleeping on a straw mat near the tiller. He raised his head sleepily. Up forward there was someone else. A challenging voice called out something unintelligible.

I threw myself on the captain. I got his neck in the crook of my arm and clamped my palm over his mouth. He struggled like a madman, making muffled, strangling noises in his throat.

Jen went to work on the mooring line with hacking cuts of his pocket knife. From up forward, a figure came charging out of the dark, swinging what looked

like a rusted Jap officer's Samurai sword.

"Doc!" I yelled.

He turned just in time. His leg shot out and the crewman crashed on his face with a clatter and a yell. It was loud enough to attract the attention of the soldiers.

I kneeed the captain over to the rail and shifted my free hand from his mouth to the seat of his pants. "Sorry, Buster," I said, "but it's over you go."

He was screaming like a banshee as I bodily lifted him to the gunwale and heaved him over the side.

Jen was closing with the crewman. I picked up the sword and finished hacking away at the cable.

"Get the pole!" Jen yelled. "Start showing us off, Sal!"

There wasn't time to grab any pole. The soldiers were hotfooting toward us from the end of the breakwater. I dropped to one knee and aimed at their light. I used to be pretty good with my old M-1, and the Mauser felt mighty familiar when I jammed the butt into the well of my shoulder and started pumping the trigger.

Yellow flame spit from the muzzle and a frightened shout went up from the soldiers on the wharf. But nothing happened to the light.

It took me three shots to put it out, and I want to tell you I actually sweated those bullets. There was this hysterical falsetto screaming out there on the breakwater, and then a big splash. One of the comrades either fell or jumped into the water. I wouldn't want to credit my shooting if he went in on account of his fright. All that mattered was that a cascade of darkness swirled down and blanked out the outlines of the sea wall.

I helped Jen throw the crewman into the water. He clung desperately to the side, but the Doc managed to peel him off. Then we went to work, poling the hell out of there with lunging, desperate strokes.

Jen dived for the tiller while I all but broke my back sheeting home the sail which had been slatting idly in the wind.

The reassuring slap of water sounded against the blunt bow, and we were headed out to sea.

I came aft to where the doctor was clinging to the tiller, trying to head us away from the shore. "I think I can pick us a course to the East," I told him. "Just steer close to the breeze." I know I must have sounded like a blue-water schooner man in the best barechested tradition. It had been a hot day, and the thermal lift off the land draws an inshore wind.

We sailed and we talked and we prayed. The Doc's mission had been a success. He even had word about Chang Young-kue who had been hustled off to jail after his boat ran into a sea patrol off Chilang Point. One thing and another, however, the caper had gone off okay. The surgery had been successful, the patient was doing fine, and the Chinese mainland was behind us.

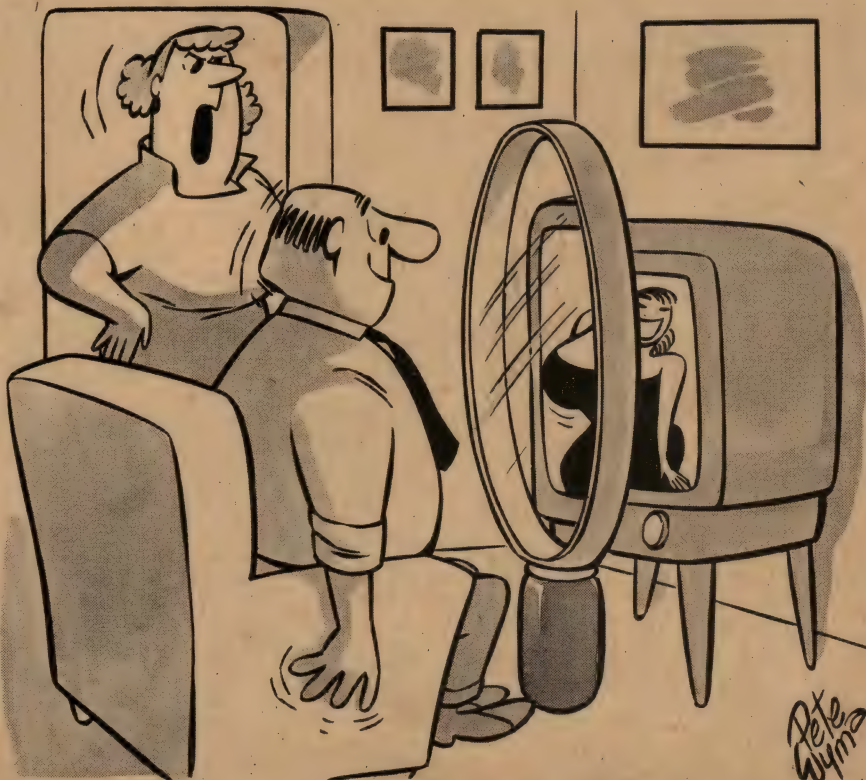
The rest goes fast. By morning, the land had dropped behind the rim of sea to the West. By 10 o'clock we were rolling with the gentle Strait swells when the *Nanyo Star* came waddling out of the lee. The launch had come back without us, but good old Charlie Anders was a man who never said die.

That wonderful *Nanyo Star*. With her dented plates and her cockeyed list to port, she was the ugliest barge you ever saw—but not to me. To me she was the most beautiful ship afloat, and I couldn't have loved her more if she had been the flagship of the U.S. Seventh Fleet.

Dr. Jen went ashore at Takao. He wrung my hand when we said good-bye. "Give my regards to New York," he said. "Some year—if this mess ever straightens out—we'll have to go out to Los Angeles and do some rooting for the Los Angeles Dodgers!"

I grinned. "You've got a lot of guts," I said.

He was a good guy. He also picked a mighty good team. And it seems to me that we've done the same. **END**



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FREE SAMPLE OF

"The SECRET KEY"

that has made

MILLIONS IN MAIL ORDER

An open letter to anyone who wants to make MORE MONEY with LESS EFFORT!

• Dear Friend:

If you're like most people, you have always dreamed of "some day" starting and owning a nice little Home Mail Order business, so that you can quit knocking yourself out day after day, with no real money to show for it.

"What a relief," you have thought, "Just to pick up orders and money at the Post Office, with nothing to do but ship out the merchandise." No traveling. No hard selling. No night work.

And you want to know something? That's exactly the way a Mail Order business can be, under the right circumstances. I am doing it myself. I've helped other ambitious men and women to do it. And I'll help you, if you'll let me.

• START NOW — NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

I'm not talking about a long winded book on "Mail Order Methods", or a "Course of Study" that will take you a year to digest and still leave you up in the air! You've answered ads like that, I am sure only to be disappointed and perhaps even annoyed that they promised so much, and turned out to be of such little practical value. No... I'm not trying to educate you. My purpose is to set you up in a profitable Mail Order Business... not next year or next month, but right now so you can start making money the same way I do. A way that has brought me security and financial independence.

• THE SECRET KEY THAT HAS MADE MILLIONS

The heading on this ad mentions what I call the "Secret Key", and says it has "Made Millions in Mail Order". And that's no exaggeration! It is responsible for some of the most fabulous successes in history! There's no room here to explain it... but if you show a sincere interest by mailing me the Coupon below, I'll send you a FREE sample and tell you how to use it... to make more money with less effort than you have ever imagined, even in your wildest dreams! That's Step No. 1 of my plan to set you up in business.

• CASH IN ON FOREIGN MADE PRODUCTS (IMPORTS)

Everybody knows that there is a fantastic profit in IM-PORTS... that items costing 50c or \$1 abroad often sell up to \$5 and \$10 in this Country! But what most people don't realize is that importing procedures are too complicated for the average person to undertake on his own. And that's where I come in.

I am already importing watches, and cameras, and sporting goods and hundreds of other fast-moving items from all over the world... Now you can do the same without experience or previous Importing knowledge! My Secret Key Plan is an airtight Program, all laid out for you ready to go. I make everything available to you at once! You do not advertise; you do not prepare advertising literature of any kind. You do not invest in merchandise or inventory. You do not even handle the imports that you sell so easily, by mail to the public. About all you have to do is go to the Post Office for your mail, then to the Bank with your profits. That's Step No. 2 of the Program I offer you.

• EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE IF YOU ACT NOW AND CAN QUALIFY

Once you start making money in this exciting way, you'll want to make sure it will last... so my 3rd and final step is to offer you an opportunity to have an Exclusive Franchise to hold as long as you qualify. With this Franchise as protection you may make more, and more, and MORE. Start as small as you wish at home, build a big business requiring a special building & dozens of employees. If that is your ambition.

My own beginning was made with about \$50 capital, and no help from anyone (such as I now offer you). Today my sales by mail have long since passed the million dollar mark. I own a big home and my own business building, drive to work in a Cadillac, pay out thousands of dollars a month to employees. And every penny of this came from mail order profits.

So you see, my "Secret Key" is not an untried idea or a pipe dream. It is a proven, practical money maker that you can use just as I do, perhaps to take in more money every day than you could reasonably expect to make in a month by personal, face-to-face selling... no matter how good you are, or how good your product.

• NO INVESTMENT IN MERCHANDISE

Let me repeat what I stated above... that you don't have to invest even one penny in merchandise. Just follow my detailed plans for use of the "Secret Key". If you ever find an easier way to make money at home, I hope you'll tell me so I can join you. In the meantime, I hope you'll start my way, for it's the easiest I've seen or heard of up to now!

Airmail the Coupon today sure. Only a limited number of Exclusive Franchises are available. I'll see that you get the FREE sample of the "Secret Key" along with complete details of my Entire Secret Key Plan immediately. No cost or obligation. Just fill out and mail the Coupon NOW! You will always be glad you did!

Cordially yours

Nels Irwin
NELS IRWIN

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of my
"SECRET KEY"

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MAIL TO: **NELS IRWIN, Dept. B-292**
MAIL ORDER DISTRIBUTORS,
15201 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 61, Calif.

THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT BALDNESS

(Continued from page 21)

But Fred was more fortunate than most males—or at least he thought he was. He lived near a large metropolitan city—New York—where a glance at the yellow pages of his telephone book told him that there were an abundance of "hair specialists" or, as they sometimes like to call themselves, "trichologists." Their treatments would cost plenty; Fred knew that. But the thinning at the crown had begun to spread forward and in another year it would very likely meet the receding hairline that was forming a large M on his forehead.

The situation was getting desperate, so Fred placed himself in the hands of the experts. Not just one, but in time he used the services of several. One tried ultraviolet light. Another specialized in hormone salves. Finally, the last one came up with a combination of vitamins, sulphadrag and female hormone injections and tablets. For the last expert, Fred laid out an average of \$10 a visit, twice a week, for a full year, plus the cost of medication. But at one point in the game he really thought it was worth every penny of it.

True, by the end of the year the balding crown and receding hairline had met. But in a strong light held close behind his head, Fred could see the first sign of new hair where once had been a barren desert. It was a kind of peach fuzz, like baby hair, but the only trouble was that only Fred could see it. Still, it was a real miracle.

A year later, however, after almost 100 more treatments and a cash outlay of more than \$1,300, the peach fuzz had come and gone, and come and gone again, and it was then that Fred took the best medicine of all—quiet resignation to the fact that he was going to be bald the rest of his life.

For Fred was the victim of the most common, and certainly most baffling cosmetic problem known to mankind—male pattern alopecia or just plain old baldness. If you've got it, or you think there's a good chance you might get it, then it's a fate that men like you share with Fred and, we're sorry to report, with 13 million other American males over the age of 19. And it's one which yet an additional 18 million youths under 19 will someday have to face up to.

What causes baldness? Are there any cures? These are questions that have been stumping experts since time immemorial, and here are some of the answers, the most authoritative ones to date.

Although there are plenty of theories, the actual cause or causes of ordinary baldness are as yet unknown. However, that doesn't mean that some very prominent doctors and dermatologists don't have their suspicions and their pet theories. And some of them can be a real source of gratification to any man with galloping baldness.

First, let's look at the simple mechanics of why hair falls out. Depending on whether you are a redhead with approximately 90,000 hairs to your head, a brunet with 105,000, or a blond with 115,000, you have anywhere from 500 to 1,000 hairs per square inch of scalp surface. These hairs grow out of little cells called follicles. That part of the hair which we can see and touch is made up of dead

cells, a horny substance much like the nails in your toes and fingers.

Inside the follicle, however, the hair cells themselves are alive and growing, and it is this growing process which replaces the dead portion that is constantly being shed, broken or cut off. But when a follicle dies, there is no living mechanism left to manufacture new cells, the hair root dies and ordinary baldness as we know it results in that spot.

The pattern of hair fall-out is remarkably constant. It usually starts when a man is in his 20's or 30's with the receding hairline immediately above his eyes, which in time forms a large M of bare scalp. After a while a second front develops at the crown and the unfortunate victim is caught in an irresistible pincer movement. Eventually the two areas link up, leaving only a small fringe of hair around the edges of the scalp. This chain of events usually takes from five to 10 years for most men, 10 to 20 years in about 20 per cent of those affected.

According to Theory Number One this comes about because baldness is nothing more than another milestone in the evolutionary process from man's ancestry which began in the treetops to the super-intellect of tomorrow. A check with history indicates that the legions of the bald are growing, that Man today generally has far less hair on all parts of his body than did his ancestors, and that this is the natural progression of things since we no longer need thick growths to protect us from the elements.

According to this theory, human hair, especially that on the head, does as much good for the average male as does another useless remnant of our primitive past, the appendix. Thus, baldheadedness is nothing more than another sign that nature is altering the make-up of Man so he can adjust to his new environment. In one sense, it could be said that we desert domes are merely centuries ahead of our hairier brethren in the evolutionary process, and that in a couple of thousand years or so, the rest of the male population will catch up and we'll become a civilization of melonheads.

Further evidence supporting this theory is the fact that baldness tends to be hereditary. Baldheaded men seem to pass this physical characteristics along to their sons with remarkable regularity, just as other evolutionary traits have been passed from generation to generation.

Another surprisingly well-argued theory has it that there is a definite relationship between super-masculinity and ordinary baldness. Experts who subscribe to this theory reason that the same chemical processes that bring on an abundance of masculine glandular secretions not only render a man sexually potent, but are at the same time contributing towards his baldness. For factual backing, they point to research that shows that baldness is almost exclusively a masculine characteristic.

The last theory, one supported by an Irish researcher, Dr. R. E. G. Armattee, is that there is a tie-up between brains and baldness. Dr. Armattee's theory is that in men of superior intellect there is a constant struggle for nourishment going on between the brain cells and the hair cells, and the brain cells usually win out.

Whichever theory you, as a bald or balding male, may want to lay claim to, you'll be in good company. Some of the greatest minds, physiques and talents, past and present, have been bareheaded—Socrates, Knute Rockne, Shakespeare, Caesar, Einstein, Napoleon, Voltaire, Yul Brynner, Bing Crosby, Charles Boyer, and,

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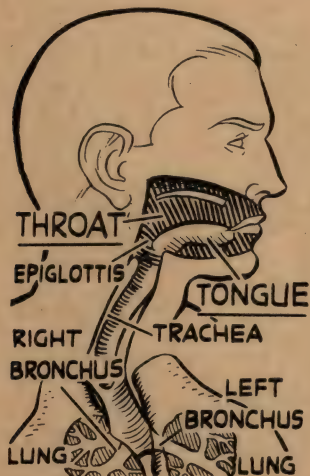
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness . . . Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can loose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

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Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients) . . . If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco *indefinitely* your money cheerfully refunded.



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The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs . . . (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath . . . Banish smoking habit, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco. . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days. . . Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit by then . . . return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

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On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me OFF-SMOKE . . . 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.

Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.

☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

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I.A.S. has taught thousands of men and women this exciting, profitable, pleasant work. Let us teach you, too, in your own home, during spare time. You should have no doubt of the possibilities in this fine field. Think of it...

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Of the six finger prints at the left, two of them are alike. See if you can find the matching prints. Of course, there is much more to learn than the mere matching of finger prints, but you get the idea.

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Don't be just another "name on the payroll." Prepare now for a skilled job in an exciting field that pays well from the start and offers a fine career throughout a lifetime. Send today (stating age) for our free, 80-page **BLUE BOOK OF CRIME**. If you expect to go in the Service soon, ask for facts on our Serviceman's Enrollment Plan. No salesman will call.

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lest we forget, the last two presidential candidates — Dwight D. Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson. The list is endless. You name the field of human endeavor—mental or physical—and you'll find that a startling proportion of its outstanding figures were bald men.

There are, of course, other causes of baldness, many of which are known, but these do not apply to what we refer to as ordinary baldness. There is, for example, *postinfectious alopecia*, the type of baldness that crops up after attacks by infectious diseases which are accompanied with a high fever such as pneumonia, typhoid and influenza. Sometimes baldness occurs after a serious operation, severe nervous shock or traumatic injury. Here, the balding doesn't follow the prescribed pattern, but takes place all over the head as a general thinning. In these cases, the hair most often returns to its full growth and proper texture within eight to 12 weeks.

Then, there's a mysterious disease called *alopecia areata*, in which the hair comes out in great patches. No cure is known, nor has its source of infection ever been tracked down. The only thing that can be definitely said about it is that sometimes it cures itself and sometimes it doesn't.

These types of baldness are classified by dermatologists as "symptomatic loss of hair." In other words, an unnatural cause contributes to the balding. Their cure is always a natural one, and any treatment, injection or application of salves or solutions has absolutely nothing to do with eventual recuperation of the scalp, if and when it does occur.

Men who fall victim to these types of baldness account for a meager 5 per cent of America's 13 million bald pates.

Which brings us to the inevitable question asked by every man with a hair problem: Does a cure for ordinary baldness exist?

The Committee on Cosmetics of the American Medical Association investigated the entire field of treatment and preparations for the hair and scalp, with special emphasis on baldness cures. Its report provides the answer. Here are the Committee's conclusions on some of the more popular cures investigated:

The time-honored method of massage with one or more of the better-known "tonics," so long a favorite with the layman and the self-styled experts, was one of the so-called cures or retarding routines singled out for a verbal drubbing by the Committee. In theory, this method is reputed to stimulate blood flow to the follicles, increase their activity and thus favorably influence hair growth.

Some firms which specialize in promoting this cure advise clients to massage only certain areas of the scalp where blood vessels are largest. Others add such gimmicks as electric or "electronic" brushes, vibrators and suction machinery for the desired effect.

But the results are always the same. The client's scalp felt invigorated, but there was absolutely no evidence to substantiate the claim that massage of any sort brought a single hair follicle back to life.

The Committee cited a few rare instances where peach fuzz was raised by massage and other similar methods. Usually, in these cases, the fuzz that some shrewd promoters laughingly called hair died in the infancy after growing about half an inch.

As for tonics, they neither feed nor stimulate hair follicles into activity. The best that can be said for them is that they are hair dressings and accomplish little more than keep in place what is left of

the user's hair. Although most manufacturers of these products will suggest in their advertising that certain magic ingredients will restore hair or retard baldness, they actually do neither.

The magic ingredient is usually something like acetic acid, salicylic acid, mercuric chloride, sulphur, betanaphthol and resorcin compounds, and often available at your corner drugstore for one-tenth the price of the pretty colored lotions that are palmed off as baldness cures.

None of these ingredients have ever been known to affect baldness one way or the other, but the Committee warned that continued use of some of them exposes the patient to a possible case of severe dermatitis or scalp infection.

Another popular cure—ultraviolet light—has proved equally ineffectual. But here there is a double danger. In the hands of untrained technicians, ultraviolet rays can be deadly. Indiscriminate use around the head, where eyes might be exposed to the cornea-searing rays, can cause permanent damage to sight.

In recent years there has been much agitation for the use of female hormones in the treatment of male baldness. Their success record has been surprisingly high.

The Cosmetic Committee's investigation turned up the case of one technician who induced male baldness at an early age in volunteer patients by injecting them with androgenic (male) hormones. When the shots were discontinued, the balding stopped, but no new hair grew back into the bald area. A few years later, laboratory researchers experimented with a reverse twist on this one and actually succeeded in arresting baldness with female sex hormones (estrogen). Unfortunately, no doctor will recommend the treatment, and for a very good reason. Extremely large amounts of estrogen must be injected into the system before the hormone effects a cure, a practice which most endocrinologists will tell you may well result in male impotency, beside the addition of many other undesirable feminine characteristics.

Despite the mounting evidence against it, some unscrupulous "hair specialists" still use estrogen in their treatments either as an injection or in the form of a salve. The injection treatment can raise havoc with a patient's masculinity; the salve was found to be literally useless as a cure.

Another favorite among the men who want to make a living from your thinning hair is vitamin B injections under the scalp. One foreign university conducted a series of tests with this treatment and racked up a fair batting average. But here again, the Cosmetic Committee warned against this one on the very important ground that anything injected under the scalp is "a highly questionable and risky procedure, since the amounts of subcutaneous fat and the thickness of the muscle layers are not conducive to absorption of a foreign substance."

In laymen's language, if you allow some quacks to inject foreign substances of any sort under your scalp, there's no telling what you might grow besides hair.

Often, hair experts latch on to the more revolutionary discoveries in medical research and promote them as sure-fire cures for baldness without any regard for their effect on client's health. When the sulphur drugs first came into national prominence, the fast-buck operators gobbled them up and peddled them as "Science's answer to the man with a hair problem." The same procedure held true for penicillin a few years later. If you had a bad cold at the time, they might have cured that. But there was no evidence available that a

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— Makes New Batteries Trouble-Free for 10 Years or More!

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Yes, a brilliant chemical engineer has perfected an entirely new liquid formula that makes even a "dead battery" spring to life instantly . . . that makes any battery—old or new—good for 10 years or longer! Now you can start your car in one second . . . never have a run-down battery for the rest of your life!

This is the most electrifying development of the past sixty years for you 130 million car owners.

Imagine! For only a few pennies you can have 24-hour a day insurance against battery failures from now on! No more stopping dead on crowded highways, in tunnels, on bridges. No more expensive tows, no more laying out \$25.00 to \$40.00 every year for new batteries! Now—even if your present battery is two years old and can't take another charge . . . you can give it more power that it had when new simply by pouring "Dyno" into each cell . . . and the instantaneous new power will never fail you . . . you can start instantly—within one second—at least 27 times . . . every day for the next 10 years! There never was a guarantee like this in automotive history! Think of what this means to you. Your new or old-beat-up battery must turn over instantly 27 times a day for the life of your car . . . This is an unconditional guarantee. Only a battery additive that has been subjected to every kind of "torture test" on over 10,000 cars over a period of 5 years before it was released to the public would dare make such a guarantee! Used by industry, airlines, diesel locomotives, battery manufacturers, air conditioning plants, truck fleet owners. Ships at sea, such as the Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth use similar devices.

A NATIONAL AIRLINE RECHARGED TRUCK BATTERIES EVERY 3 DAYS—NOW 3,750 STARTS . . . EACH BATTERY GOOD FOR 10 YEARS MORE!

A National Airlines used fork-lift trucks . . . each averaged 125 starts a day on busy airfields. As a result, EACH BATTERY HAD TO BE RECHARGED EVERY THREE OR FOUR DAYS! Since "Dyno" was added, each truck has been started on an average of 3,750 times without one recharge! Result: savings of thousands of dollars, savings of man hours . . . and each battery is now good for at least 10 years more of over 100 starts a day!

Why you are forced to buy a new battery in the next 8 months if you drive your car regularly!

As you know, your battery supplies the electric current for the ignition, all your engine equipment—PLUS POWER TO CRANK YOUR ENGINE!

When you use any of the equipment (radio, heater, windshield wipers, lights, etc.) or when you leave your car stand idle, the battery discharges electric current. Two things happen:

1. Some of the active materials from the lead plates shed or fall off forming

useless battery mud". THIS IS THE FIRST REASON YOU LOSE POWER . . .

2. Since all storage batteries contain a number of cells, each of which encloses several lead plates and separators, and since each cell is filled with water and sulphuric acid, an electrochemical action must take place in which the acid coming in contact with the lead plates makes electrical current. When the plates are partially covered with hard, inactive lead sulphate, the electrochemical action cannot take place and the battery goes dead!

How you must save with "Dyno"

1. Every time you recharge your present battery you shorten its life and you add to the cost of the battery! With "Dyno" you can stop worrying about recharging your battery . . . never shorten its life . . . never add expenses to your car overhead!

2. Every time your battery runs down, you strain the generator of your automobile. A dead battery will eventually ruin the other electrical equipment in the engine. Only with "Dyno" can you extend the life of your battery and prevent the costly damage a dead battery will cause!

3. A dead, irreparable battery may constitute expensive, sometimes damaging towing charges. You will save this costly road service immediately with "Dyno" in your present battery.

4. Your present day battery must run down regardless of the amount of use it receives. Since your battery is not a lifetime battery you will eventually have to spend \$25 to \$35 on a new battery. Only with "Dyno" in your battery can you insure against a dead battery and additional battery expenses.

5. If you depend on your car, and can't use it due to battery failure, you will run up additional expenses in transportation.

Over 30,837,000 batteries went dead in traffic in 1956!

It's a true fact—as you can easily find out. Imagine! Over thirty million cars "stopped dead" in heavy traffic . . . in the middle of bridges . . . in tunnels . . . on speed highways! Whole weekends were ruined! Families stood shivering by the roadside while the driver had to walk to put in an emergency call for a tow truck. Thousands of others had to flag down cars and taxis and offer ten dollars or more for a push! Still others were killed on highways trying to get the car started! Play safe—pour a little "Dyno" in each battery cell and you can have complete piece of mind . . . for years to come. No matter how old your battery cell is . . . you can take cross-country trips, travel over steaming deserts, plough through snow . . . leave your car standing in the rain—YET YOUR BATTERY WILL ALWAYS TURN OVER THE VERY INSTANT YOU TOUCH THE STARTER BUTTON . . . 27 times a day for the life of your car with amazing "Dyno" to safeguard you.

World famed Magazine tells the astonishing story!

Yes, a famous magazine released the exciting story of how a battery can last longer than the life of a car! It tells how the battery is every motorist's greatest headache. If left unattended, it dies. If it gets low in subzero weather, it is likely to crack. It usually has to be replaced every year—and-a-half! Yet now you can have a battery that runs up to 10 years or more! Now you can have the same lifetime power as an expensive nickel cadmium battery famous the world over . . . simply by pouring in a little "Dyno" into each cell!

Public Service Laboratory tests with "Dyno"

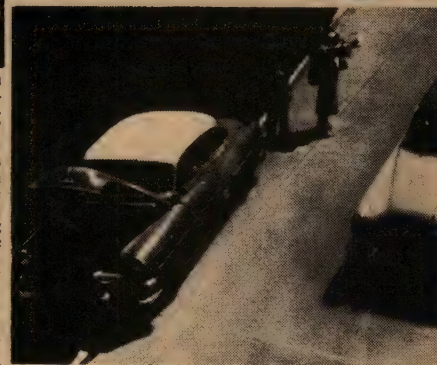
PROCEDURE:

A discarded Delco 6 Volt battery was used for the following tests. History of this battery indicated that it had failed in use and was unable to hold a charge.

I. We added "Dyno" and charged battery.

II. Battery was installed on 1955 Ford. With lights and radio on and ignition off. Self starter was run until battery was so run down, lights would not function or starter turn over. After less than two minutes with lights turned off battery started car motor with a surge of power regained during brief 90 second interval.

III. Battery was subjected to 40°F



below zero temperature for a continuous 24 hour period. Tests after 24 hours indicated ability to instantly start motor and operate electrical system at full efficiency. No loss of voltage occurred.

IV. Battery was subjected to an oven temperature of 160°F. No loss of electrolyte solution or power was indicated by test, and ability to perform starting and electrical functions remained at full rated efficiency.

V. After treating battery with "Dyno" and restoring power, 25% increase in light brightness was noted.

With "Dyno" in your battery you will find improvements you never expected!

1. Your headlights are 25% brighter.
2. Check your battery—will show higher terminal voltage.
3. Car starts immediately—time after time.
4. Extra reserve of power for radio, heater, etc.
5. Your battery recuperates its power faster
6. Strong enough to start in sub-normal, cold or heat.

TAKE THIS 4-SECOND BATTERY CHECK RIGHT NOW!

Open the hood of your car and look at the battery. The green or white formations you see around the anode and cathode, on the top and sides is **sulphation!** Sulphation means your battery is collecting mud . . . the plates are flaking and the battery is **dying!** UNLESS YOU ADD "DYN0" IMMEDIATELY, YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND \$25.00 to \$40.00 FOR A NEW BATTERY!

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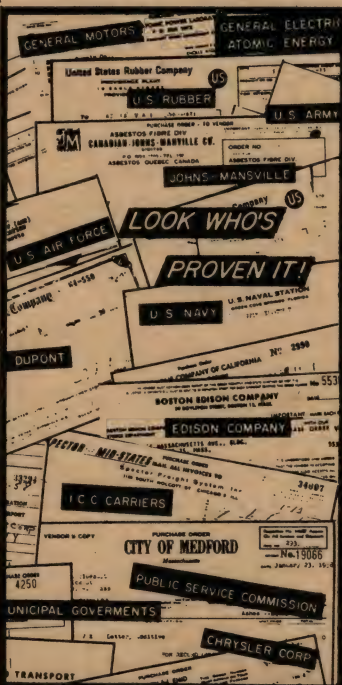
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single hair was stopped from falling as a result of any of these drugs.

More than that, there were the long range consequences that weren't taken into consideration by those who administered the drugs and those who used them. Small, repeated dosages of these drugs, said the Cosmetic Committee, "... may enable organisms present at that time to develop a resistance to the drug and any future infection caused by this resistant strain of organisms cannot be effectively treated with this particular drug."

And last, but not least, is the seborrhea cure. This one has been kicking around for decades. Seborrhea is a skin disease, a functional disorder of the sebaceous glands which causes excessive amounts of oil secretions onto the surface of the skin followed by the formation of white or yellowish greasy scales. It is not confined to the scalp area, but may be found on any part of the body.

Although dermatologists have no idea what causes it, they do know there is no cure for it and no proof that it causes baldness. But because it has been found present on a few balding scalps, some of the more ingenious promoters of baldness cures claim effective seborrhea cures for their patented treatments and potions, and in turn claim that they can rid the average male of falling hair. The sales approach is rather round about, but no less convincing than other methods.

For one thing, they can't cure seborrhea. It's a chronic condition that comes and goes at will, for which there is no known medical treatment with permanent effect. And two, even if seborrhea could be cured by the quack lotions and salves, there is not a shred of evidence that the condition in any way contributes to baldness.

And the same verdict holds for dandruff, that favorite whipping boy of the hucksters of patent medicines. It may itch, it may make your hair look like you've been standing in a constant snowstorm, but it doesn't help or hinder the onward march of your hairline to the back of your head.

Is there, then, any cure for baldness? Let the real experts speak for themselves.

Dr. Leon Augustus Housman, zoologist at the New Jersey College for Women at Rutgers University, and probably the foremost American expert on human hair, was once asked, "What stops falling hair?"

"Only one thing," answered Dr. Housman, who himself has only a slight fringe of hair remaining above his ears, "... the floor."

Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, when asked to comment on the claims of a would-be hairgrower in Hollywood, caressed his own bald pate and said, "Any ass in Athens can grow more hair than the wisest man." These cells are dead. Anybody who can restore hair in dead cells can restore people from the grave."

In summing up their findings on ordinary baldness, where there were no symptoms of previous or current illness or diseases that might affect hair growth, the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics put it this way: "Medical science does not know any device, substance or method which will regenerate hair lost in these conditions."

That's the brutally frank truth, the answer of the professionals who have thoroughly studied the question and know the facts.

Well, how about all those signed testimonials you read in newspapers, the "before" and "after" pictures with their convincing displays of rejuvenated hair?

Testimonials can be obtained in many ways. Some of them are frauds, a few are bought and paid for, and a rare number are given in good faith by people who have experienced some kind of baldness other than what we have described here as male pattern alopecia. In other words, the chances are that their kind of baldness is not the same as yours, the type that accounts for 95 per cent of those millions upon millions of bald pates.

Of course, the next question is, what does the poor guy with a galloping hairline do for it? Actually, there are two things you can do. One is a stopgap measure at best, but every bit as effective as the high-priced remedies mentioned earlier.

Veronica L. Conley, assistant secretary of the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics, advises a medical checkup to determine whether or not your balding is the common garden variety or perhaps the result of some disease. Then, the treatment of any known disease.

If balding persists, gentle massage or brushing (which is a form of massage) is recommended. Occasional tugging at the remaining hair is another massage substitute. Keep your scalp clean.

Following these simple rules for good scalp hygiene won't stop baldness and they won't cure it, but good health habits as far as the scalp is concerned will at least keep the balding process within its natural limits, which is all modern medicine can suggest to help you keep for a while what little hair you've got left.

There is, however, one other piece of advice—get a divot, a doily or a rug, the trade slang for the three sizes of toupees. Now, maybe you think we're kidding, but believe us, we're not. Those worn out gags about toupees that blow off in a windstorm, or hair pieces that are lifted off the head when the wearer doffs his hat, just don't hold true anymore. And here's why:

In the last 20 years, giant strides have been taken in this specialized field, and as a result sales of head pieces for males have zoomed in recent years.

Who are the customers? Admittedly, a number of them are professionally pretty boys—actors, entertainers, TV announcers and models. But these professionals have been buying them for years. Why the sudden upsurge in sales? Well, it's men like you and us who have suddenly gotten wise to ourselves—bachelors in their mid-30's who look 45, men in the process of changing jobs and who want to at least look their age in a business world that favors younger men, and others who are simply fed up with all those corny gags from clowns whose only redeeming feature is a full head of hair.

The big reason for the sudden boom, where today one man in a 1,000 is wearing a head piece, is the terrific improvements made in both the construction and styling of the modern toppers. They look like the real thing, and they stay put because of recent improvements in adhesives.

The new hair pieces (and that's what we'll call them from here on out because there is no comparison between them and the old toups) are made with a foundation of lace or net into which are woven human hairs in groups of three and four. At the hairline, a good wig maker will stitch in one hair at a time, and throughout the rest of the hair piece several subtly different shades of hair will be used for greater naturalness.

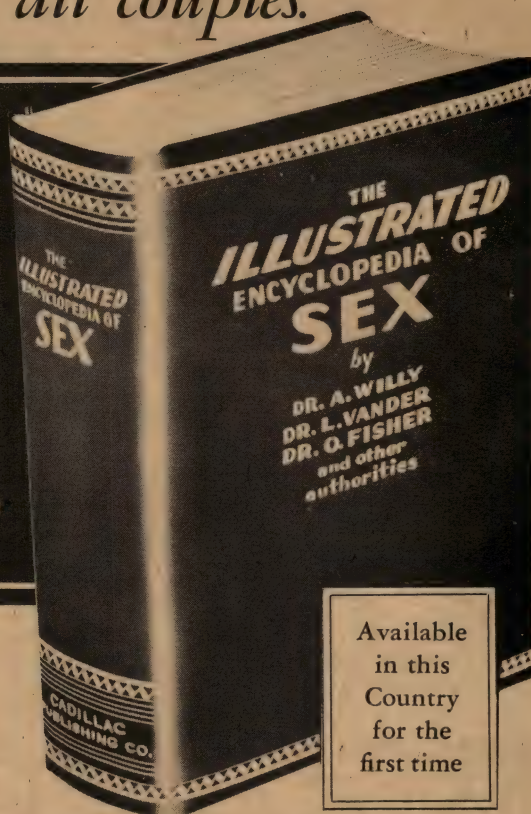
If you want white hair you'll pay top rates; brown hair is cheapest. The three sizes govern the price. "Divots" hide the bald spot at the crown and are least ex-

(Continued on page 90)

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pensive; "doilies" cover the area from the original hairline to the crown; and "rugs" are used to cover the completely bald pate. One specialist in hair pieces—Louis Feder in New York City—even has a crewcut model for the outdoor type.

The price range for a good hair piece, and you better not settle for less, is from about \$100 to \$300 with the average one costing about \$150.

Some will stand up for as long as eight to 10 years, depending on the wear and care given them. A man who wants to wear one all the time should have a spare for emergencies.

Here are some of the things you can and cannot do when you're wearing a hair piece:

You can't swim or shower with it on. Water, especially salt or chlorinated water, will raise hell with it. Even when you want to wash it yourself, which should be every two weeks, you dip it in cleaning fluid, not the conventional soap shampoo.

You can sleep with it on, but this is not recommended by the manufacturers. Remember, its longevity depends upon how often you wear it and how well you care for it.

Can you let a girl run her hand through a hair piece? Maybe. But most wearers say they have to know a girl well enough to tell her the real truth before they'll dare take a chance.

Most important, it will fool friends, up to and including those standing a few feet away. Most people, even those who have known you for years, are not very observant. Chances are they'll look at you and comment on how well you look, or how you knocked off a few pounds. Very few of them are sharp enough to pinpoint the real change.

And, we repeat, it will stay put in a high wind.

In order to find a hair-piece maker near you take a peep at that old standby, the classified telephone directory under "Hair Goods." It's your best bet. Usually you'll have to be fitted twice, once for the foundation and again when the finished product is ready. It generally takes several weeks between the original order and the finished product.

And here's good news for the man in the wilds of nowhere—a hair piece can be obtained via mail order. Max Factor in Hollywood and the previous mentioned Louis Feder in New York are two mail order sources. Each, as well as many other manufacturers, will upon request send a price list and explicit instructions on how to take measurements and make a pattern of the area to be covered. And just to make sure that you come out looking like your old self, they'll want a youthful snapshot and hair samples from both the temples and the back of your head.

Above all, don't let the price frighten you if you're really set on making yourself look young again. There's a lot to be said for the guy who is bald and who wants to remain that way, but if you've made up your mind that a divot, a doily or a rug is for you, don't let the cost scare you off. Total up all the money you've already spent on phony hair preparations and treatments that haven't done you one bit of good, then add to that what you could spend in the future on more patented cures, plus what you might get hooked for with some bald-cure con man—and you'll probably find that in the end you're money ahead with a hair piece.

And if you're determined to rejuvenate that naked pate, remember—the official word of modern science is that the only man who can put hair back on your head is the guy who knows how to glue it there.

END

UNFAITHFUL WIVES

(Continued from page 49)

to indulge in an extra-marital affair, whether the urge was suppressed or obeyed, were troubled with conscience and thought their attitude was unusual.

However, the truth of the matter is, that like their criticisms of their husbands, the wives' attitudes and reactions follow a common female pattern that can virtually be charted by a graph. Under certain given marital pressures such and such will happen; under other pressures, something else will occur. And, if friend husband is being unfaithful or futile, women's determination becomes stronger and stronger "to go out and get it elsewhere."

As one wit once said, and which many husbands fail to understand when it comes to sex, "Wives are like other human beings, only more so." In other words, when there's sexual incompatibility between a husband and wife she feels it just as strongly as he does; she doesn't like it when her natural, human desires are unsatisfied, any more than he does. Up until fairly recent times, however, it was unladylike

to mention that fact, and it was downright sinful to even consider doing anything about it. But now times have changed and the female has greater freedoms. More and more women, whose husbands have deserted their beds, or wrecked things by pitiful love-making, are finding satisfaction in extra-marital affairs.

Not long ago a Gallup poll was taken in which wives listed their husbands' chief faults, and high on the list was "interested in too many other women." Other socio-medical researchers like Dr. Kinsey (to whom men and women were franker, because the questions were more direct and personal), found that women were also complaining about husbands' "lack of imagination in sexual technique." Among my own patients the three major complaints still topping the list are: 1) infidelity; 2) too tired for love-making; and 3) lack of imagination. Down the list are the usual gripes such as drinking, selfishness, lack of interest in the home, taking the wife for granted and lack of consideration. But it is the sexual shortcomings and neglect of husbands which are the big blockbusters to a woman's marital happiness.

One woman came to me to set up a meeting with her husband in which the three of us could discuss their marriage problem. Jane was a blondish, small and meek woman, and when she started stammering out her problem I

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found myself leaping ahead, trying to guess what was coming next. I envisioned a commonplace complaint such as that her husband was domineering, even brutal, or that he was running out on her. Well, that was part of it, but her own solution to the problem really shook me.

"At first Harry tried to keep it a secret that he was running around with other women," she said, "but when I heard some rumors and then accused him of it he didn't deny anything. He became pretty brazen about it and when he gave me the excuse that he would be 'working late' or had to 'go out of town on business' he'd smile, knowing darn well I knew it was only an excuse. We've been married four years and get along pretty well otherwise, but he's never had the guts to tell me honestly why he needs other women. Our sexual relations leave a lot to be desired, but I figure that's his fault, and not mine, because Harry is slow getting sexually aroused."

Harry drifted away more and more, and only seldom did they have sexual relations. They had no children, though she wanted some, and Harry's neglect was leaving her emotionally distraught; she had her own yearnings too. For weeks she thought about her situation, and considered the possibility of an affair with a neighbor who'd shown marked interest in her. She discarded that because he was married to a woman she saw socially and liked. Jane felt she had to do something, and she settled on the husky young man who came to the house every third week to wax the floors.

"He came to the house on Wednesdays," Jane said, "and my house was the last on his list before he went home. It was also a day when Harry

was always late coming home. Usually I'd give Jack, the floor waxer, a beer when he finished his work, and we'd always chatted quite friendly though he was always distant and respectful. I decided to change that. The next time Jack came I pretended surprise that it was Wednesday already, and that he'd 'caught me in the bath.' I didn't have much on, but what I was wearing was designed for allure. I pretended great embarrassment, let him in, rushed up and put on a housecoat. Then when he'd finished work I fixed him a stiff drink instead of a beer, and referred more than once to my 'embarrassment' at being caught in 'nothing but a towel.' I wasn't going to let him forget that picture which had popped his eyes when he'd opened the door. He also got the hint that I had nothing on under the housecoat."

As she spoke I saw that Jane belied her mousiness when she recalled the situation; she visibly straightened up and her face held an attractive animation. There was a sparkle to her eye that had nothing to do with her humdrum housekeeping chores. "The next time Jack came to the house I was, as prearranged in my plan, making an evening dress, and had things timed so that when he arrived I was just trying it on. It was a slinky number, fitting like an extra layer of skin, and casually pinned so that at any given moment something might give.

"Later, when I fixed a drink for him, I arranged it so something gave—and the next thing I knew he was getting real close and trying to help. I knew what he was thinking. Well I just melted into his arms. After that we went upstairs to the bedroom."

Jack wasn't the last, and as far as her husband was concerned Jane got



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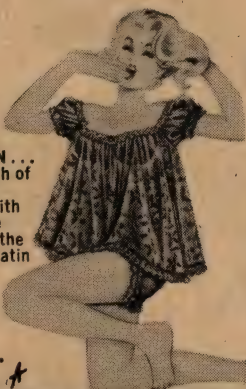
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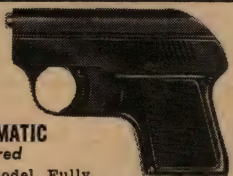
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a quiet satisfaction out of revenging herself against his two-timing. Sex was vital to her, and until her husband provided for her along those lines, she was going to satisfy her needs with other men. However, the time had come for a show-down; what she was doing was merely to appease a hunger, not because she preferred the situation. She knew it would be disastrous if Harry found out about her affairs, but she did want to see what could be done about correcting her marital situation before it was too late.

Jane finally convinced her husband that they should talk things over with a marriage counselor. When Harry finally came in to discuss things, I had a number of books which I figured would be useful to him. Jane had told me that early in their marriage he'd had erectile trouble when he made love to her and I sensed that an embarrassing frustration had led him to seek other women. I suspected that Harry felt he had failed in his wife's eyes, and the compulsion to prove himself had led him into the arms of other women. I was right. When I talked with Harry, he told me that he was too proud to risk failure again with his wife and so he avoided sexual relations with her except when he was convinced there would be sure-fire results.

Once the whole problem was brought out into the open, and some of his repressions revealed as foolish fancies, everything was all right. The books, which included *Love and Marriage*, by F. Alexander Magoun, and *Building Your Marriage*, by Rex Skidmore and Anthon S. Cannon, set both of them on the right trail and everything's worked out fine. There's no more extra-marital temptation, and Harry never did find out about Jane's affairs, though he was mildly surprised when she announced that she would be doing her own floor-polishing thereafter.

Quite some time ago the famous Dr. Margaret Sanger wrote that "the most far-reaching social development of modern times is the revolt of woman against sex servitude." This reference was to woman's bondage in being compelled by marital law to go to bed with her husband whenever he wished it; in the old-fashioned view, it didn't matter whether she enjoyed it or not, because she was simply an object for her husband's sex gratification. Women, in their ignorance, would go through their lives never experiencing any sexual climax or even excitement.

That situation changed a great deal with women's emancipation. Once they were able to discuss things and find out what they were missing, they could do something about it. But there's nothing that can be done about neglect, which is a kind of reverse sex servitude. That is, a woman is married, and tied to her home and children. Her husband can roam and have his extra-marital flings and, by the terms of the double-standard, it is a "natural male" prerogative. Society tolerates his affairs, but frowns on hers should she decide that the one way to beat neglect

is to get attention from someone else. And man is just as intolerant and jealous as ever in being quick to divorce a woman who gets caught doing exactly the same thing he's doing.

Only recently, for example, a national family magazine came out with an article by a woman who advocated that women should "let their husbands roam." Don't fence your husband in, was the message in this essay, and if he wants to flirt and play around it will do him good. The author, a woman, advised wives not to be overly possessive, and not to lock their husbands away from temptations because then it gives the men the idea their wives "own" them. The article was a sure tip-off that times have really changed.

However, it didn't explore the present-day attitude far enough, or factually enough. Of course, wives who are overly possessive can ruin a marriage, and husbands who feel "owned" will bust out suddenly and do something really rash. But what has to be looked at realistically is that if the wife is going to make concessions about hubby having a fling, she expects a return deal, and she darn well wants to get in on the act. Women have gotten a tremendous range of freedom in the last 25 years, and they're quite agreeable to getting more. If friend husband is going to have his outside adventures, she'd like the excitement of having some too.

Six years ago Dr. Alfred Kinsey reported that 13 percent of wives who were virgins when married became unfaithful, while 29 percent of wives who had pre-marital sex relations ultimately indulge in extra-marital affairs. Anyone reading the current newspapers about teen-age promiscuity and such repeated occurrences as the "wife swapping" scandals, and the Long Island and Los Angeles "suburban sex societies," can imagine that in the six years since Dr. Kinsey published his book those percentages have rocketed upward. Women are just not going to sit home while hubby has all the fun.

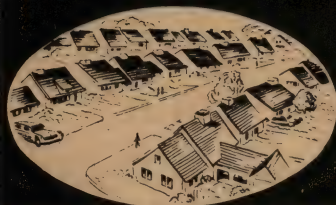
When Charles N. came to see me for advice, he was a pretty wretched and mixed-up man. He soon made it clear that he had started something that his wife had finished—in spades. He loved his wife and hadn't meant to wreck his marriage, but he figured that maybe it wasn't too late to pick up the pieces.

As Charles described her, his wife was a rather beautiful woman who had gotten quite sick following the birth of their baby. His wife had anemia and attacks of pylitis which left her absolutely repelled by sex. It wasn't just apathy, it was downright disgust, and as the months rolled on Charles got more and more jittery, in a biological sense, and feeling frustrated and sorry for himself.

"Anne told me that I'd just have to be patient and sweat it out until she was better," he explained. "It was only a matter of time, according to the doctor, but to me, craving her the way I did, it seemed an eternity." He

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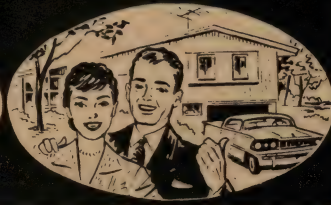
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shrugged. "So I decided I couldn't wait and went out and found me another woman. And another. Sure, I would have preferred Anne, but there was nothing we could do, not then. So I kept gallivanting around, and meanwhile Anne was getting better. Finally, she was well again, but she had suspected something all along and wouldn't let me near her. Not that she said anything—she just put me off with excuses.

"It didn't matter too much because by this time my outside affairs had become a habit. I got a real charge out of trying to make gals, and succeeding, and it was real heady wine. What Anne had suspected, she soon found out was a fact—everybody in the neighborhood was wise to me, though I wasn't aware of it. And people talked and named names and there were plenty of facts which I couldn't deny.

"But Anne didn't say anything at all. She just decided to have a little fun herself. When I got home late one night she came in hours later, smelling of liquor and with lipstick smeared all over her face. I ranted about that, but she wouldn't admit a thing. She didn't care if I found out. Soon after I learned she'd been sleeping with a couple of guys I knew and had even let a salesman who'd stopped at the house get to her. Some nights she'd take the baby to her mother's and stay away the whole night—and she wouldn't be at her mother's. If I was jittery when she had been sick, brother, I was a nervous wreck now.

"Finally I had the guts to talk to her and apologize and tell her how sorry I was about what I had done. But then I lost my temper when I thought of what she'd been doing, and what I'd planned as a calm discussion only wound up in a bitter fight. I don't want to divorce her, Doc, and I'm certainly willing to let bygones be bygones if she will. She said she'd talk to you once I'd made the arrangements."

Anne came in with Charles a few days later, and she was indeed a beauty. She was a tall, full-bosomed brunette with plenty of style. Her eyes flashed and her mouth was now set in a contemptuous smile. I suspected that

this was a fairly recently acquired expression. She looked like a wonderful woman who'd turned bitter.

The discussion accomplished nothing. Anne said that her love for Charles had turned to contempt when he forgot his marital vow not only of forsaking all others but of cherishing her "in sickness" as well as in health.

"The marriage was over long ago," Anne said, "and frankly I wanted Charles to suffer. It wouldn't do any good, even for the sake of the child, to let bygones be bygones. I know he couldn't do it—that sooner or later he'd fling my past up at me. I did it all deliberately, but I won't say I haven't enjoyed it. I found that other men can be a lot more considerate in all ways than my own husband."

Now that things had come to a head, there was nothing to be done but end it. I advised Charles to let Anne secure the divorce, despite his feeling that because he was a man his transgressions were not so important as hers and he was, therefore, the wronged party.

Plenty of men have the attitude that what they do extra-maritally doesn't affect them as deeply as it would a woman, and therefore can be condoned; and that a wife should be broadminded about such activities. They also feel that if they're not successful in their marital relations it's their wife's fault rather than their own. Women constantly complain that the men fancy themselves as great lovers; because men figure they've "been around more" and because of varied sexual experiences they regard themselves as authorities on the art of love.

More and more women are doing something about these complaints, and I don't mean by bringing their problems to marriage counselors. Women are individuals with strong desires, and they are now taking the view that if the husband indulges his yearnings, they can appease their own hunger in the way they best see fit. And that is to follow his lead and go outside the marriage for their fun.

The moral of this essay to husbands is this: Go out and have your fling!

But remember—these days you can be very sure your wife will have hers too! **END**

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF Man's Conquest, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1959.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, Hanro Corp., 441 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Jack Hoffman, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin M. Singer, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Business Manager, Estelle Tucker, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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ESTELLE TUCKER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1959. David Gassner, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1960.



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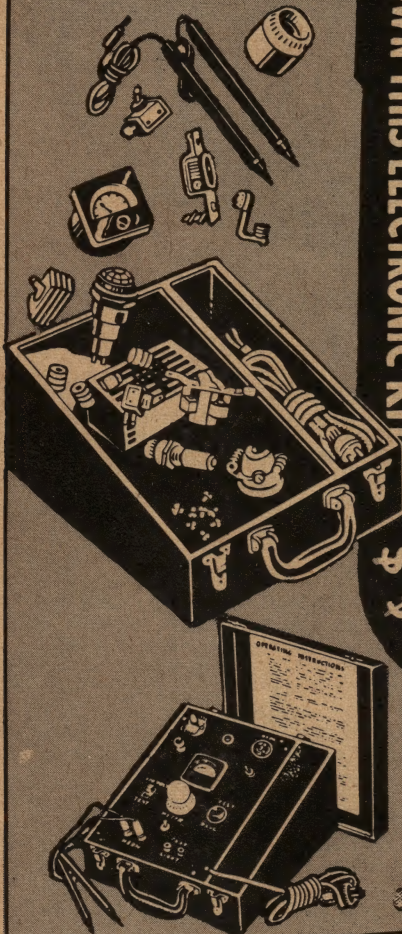
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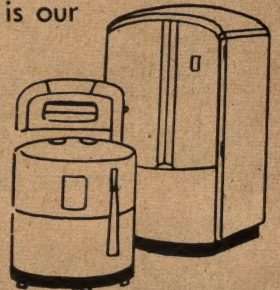


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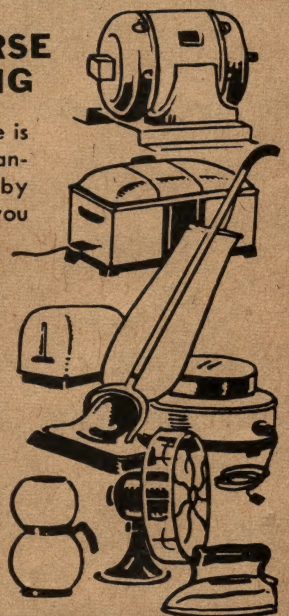


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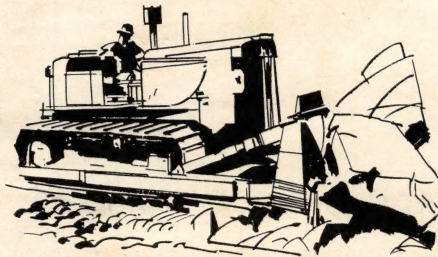
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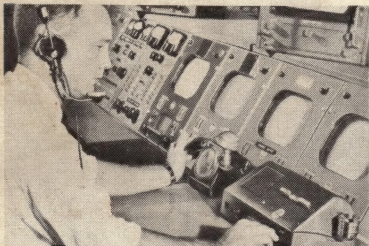
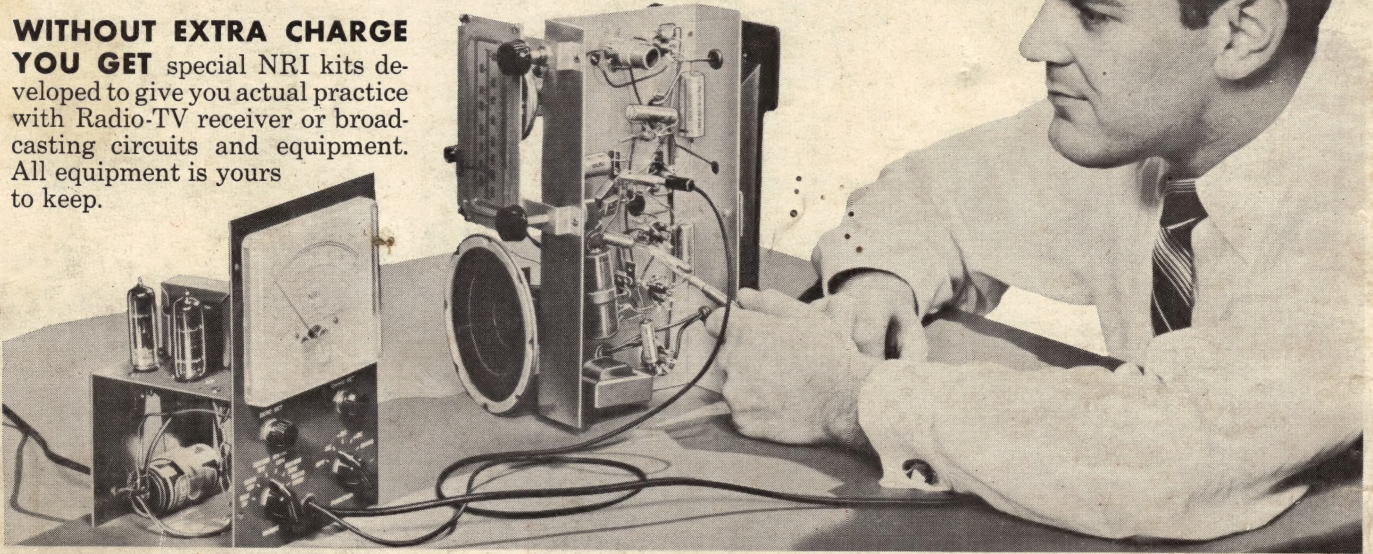


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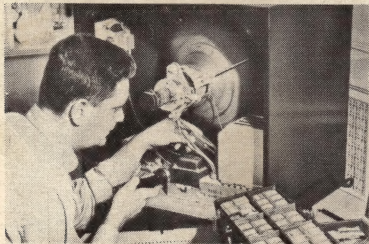
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